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Around Town.

Rightly or wrongly Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen is very widely suspected of a desire to use Canada as a footstool. Her scheme for founding an Order of Nurses would have been taken up with enthusiasm only that the people have a disagreeable feeling that anything that might be accomplished would only be taken as evidence of how much an Intellectual Lady can do even with a raw people in a wild country. There can be no doubt that Her Excellency is guided in this matter by motives that are beneficent and resolves that are highly generous. If she succeeds—and I trust that success will crown her efforts—a good institution will have been founded, and the credit, almost entirely, will belong to her head and heart. Yet success has been made very difficult by the fact that the Countess has shown that she must always be promoting something or emancipating somebody. Since coming to Canada, Lady Aberdeen has shown undoubted intellectual ability and a marvelous energy, yet she has ever created the impression in the Canadian public mind that she is conscious of the fact that in whatever she says or does, she is in the presence of an observant and gifted autobiographer who will ultimately do her justice in the eyes of the world and posterity, whatever the rabble of the hour and the place may say or think. A Lady and a Nation cannot develop a very cordial intimacy with such a Thought between them. It is this feeling that the Canadians are regarded by Her Excellency as wax figures to be moved here and there, and grouped thus and so in the series of pictures which will later on illustrate the great volume containing the story of her career, that causes people to hear without much response appeals made in behalf of a well conceived project. The country which at the call of Lord Aberdeen raised two hundred thousand dollars in a few weeks for the relief of the famine in India, need not be importuned in vain to support a worthy philanthropy were there not behind it all a reluctance, grounded in the very marrow of the Canadian character, against being "used" and forced to pose in an endless succession of pictures. It is a thankless and rather ungallant task to adversely criticize a lady, yet it is necessary that someone should set forth the reason for the chilly reception that meets the Victorian Order of Home Nurses. The silence of the press and people, the sullen unresponsiveness of rich men's purses, have become embarrassing to all concerned. Perhaps subscriptions will be put up more freely now that the public temper has been explained.

Yet, most inopportunistly, there appears in the *London News* the following item:

An English paper publishes a paragraph headed *Literature for the Backwoods*. It refers to an appeal sent out by Lady Aberdeen to the charitable in England to contribute moral literature for distribution in Canada. Some candid friend should inform the lady that her efforts in this direction are not appreciated in Canada. We are quite able to procure our own literature, and fully able to judge for ourselves of its moral quality. One hates to say anything concerning a lady that may be construed as rude, but there is no help for it. She should be given to understand clearly that Canadians regard that patronizing sort of air as offensive, and that she is altogether too sloppily sentimental.

If Her Excellency sent out an appeal of the nature indicated, it corroborates several other circumstances that tend to show that Lady Aberdeen has quite failed to appreciate the temper of the colonial people for whom she seeks to act as fairy godmother. The colony that stepped forward with relief for India, that promotes a cable to Australia, a fast Atlantic steamboat service, and altogether is spending its money and pledging its credit in order to attract and rivet the world's attention—that colony is not likely to be pleased when it finds that the wife of its Governor-General has sent out an appeal for good books, as though Canada were a country which should commend itself to the spectacled spinsters of England as a suitable place to send their second-hand prayer-books. When the British Association for the Advancement of Science meets here this summer, we may perhaps expect to find each member carrying a trunkful of frayed and worn volumes contributed by the parish workers of London, and intended to be distributed among the benighted and bookless people of Canada. If there are parts of this country where "moral literature" is scarce, there are surely other parts of it where wealth exists and books may be had without carrying a tale of want and book-hunger abroad. The occurrence, while rather aggravating, is more absurd than anything else.

An Ottawa paper, I forget which one, some time ago suggested that the colonial representatives in going to London for the Jubilee demonstrations should utilize the all-British route. The point is a good one, and it would only have been in keeping with the sentiment of the year had the colonial office in London put forward the idea two months ago. The premiers of Australia could travel under the flag from their own doors to London, and home again. If they fail to follow the route that lies through the empire, at least in going to London, they will neglect an opportunity to neatly demonstrate the extent and consequence of the empire in this memorable year. We have all heard much and said a good deal about the importance of the world's highway across Canada, and now a chance has turned up of dedicating that route to one of its greatest purposes.

It was given out on Tuesday afternoon that it had been decided to take legal proceedings to upset the vote in favor of Sunday cars. Just

The Discussion of the Departmental store Question will be found on page 6.

what the gentlemen who have decided upon this move hope to accomplish, is not quite clear. If the poll of May 15 is upset, it may be presumed that there will be another poll taken at an early day. Nothing has occurred in the meantime to cause any important secessions from the ranks of those who voted for the cars, while several things have happened which would tend to cause quite a turn-over from the ranks of those who opposed them. In the first place, cars ran last Sunday and demonstrated several things; notably, that there are people who want them, for they were much used all day and were often crowded; that although the day was wet and people could not go to

churches of the city and half the population of the city, to the immediate and lasting injury of both. In the third place, there is a certain percentage of the voting body that aims always to support the winning side, and before the vote I did not meet one man in ten who expressed a belief that the cars would carry. When the proposition was first voted on in this city it was defeated by nearly four thousand majority; when next voted on it was defeated by nearly one thousand majority; when last voted on it carried by nearly four hundred majority; and anyone at all familiar with the tides and currents of electoral opinion will bear me out in the guess that if it became

the cars to church on the very first Sunday that they were operated. Those who attended St. Andrew's church on King street at the morning service saw SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Jubilee Sunday" picture reproduced in actual life. I am told by a friend who was present that he counted forty-two passengers who entered the church from one Belt Line car, a few minutes before the service began at 11 a.m.—men, women and children. If the street cars proved so useful at the morning service of the very first Sunday of their operation, how much more useful they will prove when the prejudice against them has worn off. I attended my own church on Sunday morning and another in the even-

as strong and hopes as cheering as any of those who speak from pulpits, and we believe that the great scheme of the Creator has not been deranged by the adoption of a public convenience in this city, but that everything shall be well.

MACK.

For the past week or two there has been a very lively controversy in the daily press with regard to the rights of those who stop their newspapers. In no case has it been denied that a man has a right to discontinue his subscription to a newspaper at any time when he sees fit, but it is affirmed on one side and denied on the other that men holding high positions in the church have a right to couple with the discontinuance of their subscription, such expressions as may be intended to alter the editorial course of the manager or to intimidate the editor with regard to some public question. The matter was raised by Rev. T. M. Campbell, president of the Bay of Quinte Methodist Conference, who stopped the *Evening Star* under cover of an envelope marked "personal," while saying that he did not consider it, on account of its pro-Sunday street car views, fit to enter his family. A man who writes a personal letter and desires it to be private, should not use the envelope and letterhead of his business concern, no matter whether it be a Methodist conference or a brewery. Personal letters as a rule should be written on plain paper and carry with them nothing but the influence and sentiment of the ones who sign them. When a man uses his business letterheads and envelopes, it is idle to say that his letter is to be called a personal one, except as to the suppression of the name. When gentlemen of the cloth, clothed in brief authority, have stationery which carries the weight of their position, they have no right to attempt to intimidate editors by communications which, if accepted as the thunderbolt of their church, would be very stunning affairs. If the president of the Bay of Quinte Conference wishes to discontinue any paper that he is a subscriber for, and at the same time say hard things to the editor, he should write on plain paper and sign his plain name, and not use the furbelows which make him something more than an ordinary citizen. No doubt Rev. T. M. Campbell is a man of extraordinary force and most pious inclinations, but he must remember that the Bay of Quinte Conference has nothing to do with his subscription to a secular newspaper.

I am reminded in this instance of a man who wrote to the *New York Tribune* when Horace Greeley was its editor, in the following terms: "stop mi papor. by god I cant stand it no more." Horace Greeley published this somewhat extraordinary letter with the following comment: "I will stop your paper. I cannot edit any journal which will suit a man who spells God with a small 'g' and himself with a big 'I.'" This is very much the case of the clerics who are thundering at the *Globe* and *Star*. They are spelling themselves with a capital "I" and using a small "g." They are quite welcome to advertise themselves as bigots, and some of them are certainly taking pains to let the world know that they are what Artemus Ward called "men of large bore but small calibre." Their intention is evident, and it is not more evident than it is improper. They believe that they can keep the press of this country subservient to their views by railing at every man who dares differ with them. This would be well enough if they acted as private citizens, but when they try to load their cannon with the letterheads of conferences and pastorates they are getting very far out of their domain.

That sort of thing won't work in this country. They may say that they are in no wise like the Quebec hierarchy, inasmuch as they cannot force their parishioners into compliance with their will by threats of excommunication and burial in unconsecrated ground. These men, if they had the opportunity, would use every threat which in the historical church couples with the bell, book and candle; but they have not the chance. Thank Heaven they haven't the chance. They cannot issue mandements that one newspaper or another shall not be read by their parishioners, but under special letterheads they can write letters to editors which mean, if they mean anything, that they, not only personally, but as officials of a church, disapprove of the course of that newspaper, and that they not only individually, but as officials, will discourage as far as they can, and destroy if possible, the circulation of that newspaper amongst their flocks. They can try to get out of it by saying that, unlike the bishops, they do not issue decrees and put newspapers under the ban, but I tell them plumply and plainly they come as near to it as their congregations will stand. If they pursue the course they have been pursuing; if they endeavor to terrify the publishers, who have quite as sacred an obligation to the public as they have, and endeavor to demonstrate that the white choker and the black garb are to over-ride the common sense of people who make their living in journalism, they will make so great a mistake that they will all some day be astounded.

I have been in receipt of numberless anonymous letters from men who thought they were doing their duty by saying how they loathed what I had written in favor of Sunday cars. These have been entirely disregarded, because a man who dare not sign his name is like a bandit who stabs in the dark. In these anonymous letters assertions have been made and predictions ventured which are just as unlovely and as dangerous to the public peace



THE UMBRELLA MENDER.

the parks and cemeteries, yet the sum of two thousand dollars was paid in fares, showing that at the very lowest calculation forty thousand passengers were carried from point to point within the city; that the cars can run without producing any riot; that extra men can be employed and be glad of the employment; that those who rode in the cars were to all outward appearance quite as respectable and God-fearing as those who walked on the sidewalk; and that thousands of people did use the cars in going to church. In the second place, the sermon by Rev. J. C. Speer, and in a less degree some other sermons preached after the vote was taken, were delivered without any idea that another poll might be called for, and these would cause many to vote for the cars in order to effectually and unmistakably settle a question that can only be settled in one way, and which, the longer and oftener it is torn open, widens a breach between the

necessary to submit it to another vote this summer, it would carry by four thousand majority. Just why there should be an attempt made to overturn the result of May 15 is therefore not at all clear.

There appeared on the front page of this paper on the day the vote was taken, a picture of two clergymen watching a crowd of people getting off a street car and entering a church. Some may have thought that the drawing was overdone and did not at all represent the real uses to which the cars would be put. But the character of a people does not vanish before a breath of air. It may be assumed that those who opposed cars did not use them on the very first occasion that presented; it may be further assumed that some who favored them shrank from boarding a car to go to church lest they might become too conspicuous; yet, notwithstanding these considerations, thousands rode in

ing, and at both services were people who came by the street cars. In the evening I heard Rev. D. C. Hossack preach from the text, "It shall be well," delivering one of the ablest sermons I ever listened to. He could not have changed a word of it without decreasing the intellectual and spiritual beauty of it, yet it occurred to me that he could, from that text, preach another great sermon applicable to the defeat at the polls a fortnight ago. "It shall be well." That other man who stood up in a pulpit and said that "God, the ten commandments and nearly all the churches of the city" had been beaten in that contest, would do well to question if it is true that God ever was beaten in any contest into which He entered. The outcome should suggest to pious minds the thought that the sons of Eli have been rebuked and slain for seizing the Ark and carrying it, unauthorized, into a battle. There are some of us who have faith

as if the authors had written some nasty thing with regard to the virtue of those whom I regard. A great many of them, signed "Anti-Cars," and "Minister," and "Sabbatarian," may have been written by people who have no connection whatever with ministering to the spiritual wants of the people. It is to be hoped that over-zealous partisans have used these names and declared themselves to be ministers, without any foundation in fact. Nevertheless, so many have rushed into print over their own names, so many clergymen have been so prompt to declare their hostility to a matter in which they had no concern, that one is naturally suspicious of the whole outfit. The fight is over, and I would like to drop the subject, and all I am writing to-day has no other meaning than that attempted intimidation such as I refer to is being entirely wasted on me. The persons can stop their paper, and where they have paid in advance, a proper section of their contribution will be promptly returned to them. I am sick of the whole business, and while I have made as hard a fight as any man in the Dominion of Canada against clerical intolerance in Quebec, I am quite as ready to make it in the Province of Ontario. It matters nothing to me whether it is Protestant or Catholic aggression which must be resisted; I am an anti-cleric in temporal matters clear through the piece. I believe in the great truths and beauties as taught by the Scriptures, but I am no believer in the assumption of any men that they are the only interpreters of Divine thought and the only administrators of the Divine purpose. Don.

Social and Personal.

The reception at Government House last Wednesday was the opportunity of many visitors to Toronto to pay their respects to His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Quite a large number hurried in from the Races and had a cup of tea with the kind hostess, who takes cheerfully the burden of looking after everyone and keeping a watchful care over her invalid as well. The mild day tempted many to a peep out over those velvet terraces which flank the southern side of the mansion. Good-byes were said to that popular young fellow, Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick, and many admiring glances followed the flitting figure of Miss Kirkpatrick, who was most becomingly dressed in a dainty pale blue and canary muslin, which was a regular summer poem of a frock. Among the callers on Wednesday were: Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Stead of Ottawa, Mrs. Willie Moore, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Daisy Boulton, Mr. Harman Brown, Miss Harman Brown, Miss Rowand, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Downey, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. McCuaig, Mr. Frank Cayley and Miss Cayley.

The annual public meeting of the Orphans' Home Board takes place on next Tuesday afternoon at half-past three in the Home, Dovercourt road. The public are invited and made welcome.

The incidents of Race week would make a funny book. So would the pronunciation of some of the horses' names which I heard. "They say this Dan-de-lion is a good horse to back," said a man who did not know a dandelion with a capital letter. "How do you go on Bo-nanges?" asked a lady not up in the nomenclature of the god of thunder. The humors of the tongue were not worse than the vagaries of the clothes, some of which, like dandelion, were only to be mentioned with capital D's. But it is a true saying that everything goes in the millinery line in Race week, and at all events the impossible person was not present this year, though she may appear to-day. I have heard she is only laying low for a final effort. One transcendently stylish woman was not here this season. I heard that a cruel Blue Beard kept her far away. Out upon such Turkish tyranny, when it robs the Woodbine of a figure and a frock to dream over!

Mrs. Glass of London is visiting Mrs. E. Thomas of 34 Madison avenue, and attended the Races with her hostess on Monday.

A very lovely tea was given last Friday by Mrs. John McArthur, affording a delightful opportunity to many friends of welcoming Dr. McArthur and his wife, who has a charming personality.

Concerning the Windsor outing of the Queen's Own, I hear some good stories of rings being presented and photographs being taken at times when there was not exactly a dress parade.

Miss Edith McCollum, who has been for a delightful three months' visit in New York, returned on Monday.

Mrs. Bradley of 27 Sherbourne street has returned to 130 Seaton street.

Queen's Birthday was a jolly day at the Woodbine. The crowd was enormous, the grand stand brilliant, and the races "out of sight." The subsequent days showed increasing temperature, sustained interest and lots of millinery. The women certainly have broken the record, thanks to the fine weather, and visitors will confess that Toronto is not a dowdy town, however much it is hoodooed by too much Puritanism. Excess of formal religion and intolerance always affects one of two things in females—their clothes or their tempers. Toronto women have made the welkin ring with jolly laughter all this week, and have dressed admirably; also, the cars run now on Sunday. Toronto is not hoodooed by any means, and the future is full of promise.

"Stay and watch the four-in-hands start," was the suggestion of someone averse to a crowded car, on Queen's Birthday, as the immense concourse of spectators streamed from the grounds. The Hendrie coach, the Chudleigh coach, Mr. G. A. Stimson's smart drag, each with its four prancing geese, dashing one by one out of the gates, were well horsed and well driven; the Stanley Barnacks four-in-hand, with Colonel Otter on the box, was not the least of the smart turnouts. Then a big jolly party on the Bond coach was gathered by their host, Hon. Lyman Melvin-Jones, who entertained them all at dinner at the

Hunt Club. Premier Greenway, big and jolly, Hon. Mr. Watson, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. Cattanauch, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, were some of the merry load who trooled out to Scarboro' with much hilarity and dined on the fat of the land in the pretty Hunt Club quarters. The Rivermount carriage, with Sir Frank Smith, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Adolphe Caron and Mrs. Arthur Harrison, swung out for the north and a large dinner party of thirty gentlemen, at which the three knights hobnobbed most amiably. As to the crowd, the good-natured, weary, vulgar, aristocratic, and Queen's Birthday crowd, it lined the ditches, perched on the fences, straggled out into the country to meet cars that whizzed past overflowing with Victoria Park excursionists. Judges, lawyers, ladies, toughs andouters waited patiently or impatiently, as the case might be, until evening shadows fell, and were placated or exasperated by the assurances of the conductors that never had the Street Railway tackled such a crowd, and that everything that they could string a wire to was running. The bicyclists had the pull on Queen's Birthday and blessed their flying wheels as they spun past the waiting throng and made quick time home to supper.

Mrs. James Crowther went down to Cobourg for a few days' visit on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Newman of Detroit were this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox.

Mrs. W. Riggs and her brother, Mr. Irving R. Johnson of St. Catharines, sail to-day for Europe by the Fulda.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Clarke have removed from No. 627 Jarvis street, and are now comfortably settled in No. 76 Lowther avenue.

Three pretty sisters at the Races were Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Harry Beatty and petite Miss Lily Lee, who has just returned from a visit to New York.

The news of Mrs. Bendelari's sudden taking away was scarcely credited on Monday evening as the news traveled from telephone to telephone and was met with the exclamation, "Impossible. I saw her a day or two ago." "I had a note from her," and such incredulous but vain expostulations. Truly, a sweet and lovely woman has been suddenly called from an affectionate circle, even in the midst of kindly preparation for the wedding of her little friend, Miss Belford, which was to have taken place from Mrs. Bendelari's house in a few days. It needs no telling of how the dear lady who is gone was admired and beloved; clever beyond the average, artistic and bright as could be, sympathetic and tender, a true woman in the highest sense, worshipped by her three fine young sons, blessed by a host of poor, and loved and respected by everyone who knew her. Mrs. Bendelari's sparkling eyes and sweet smile will ever be regretfully recalled and her worth more fully realized than ever, as we rightly estimate our good things only when they are taken from us.

Everyone was shocked and grieved on Monday to hear that bright little Keith, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's little son, had succumbed to the dread scarlet fever, and many tender thoughts and words were sent to the sorrowful home in Peter street.

Mrs. Crossen of Cobourg is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Riddell of St. George street, and was one of the figures after which many an eye traveled as she strolled on the lawn at Woodbine. A brilliant brunette, with the fairest of skin, Mrs. Crossen in any one of her smart gowns was always admired.

Should the weather fulfill its present promise, the Saturday afternoon Race Meet will be most brilliant. The dressmakers who supposed their holiday was here found themselves rushed more than ever by patrons spurred to conquer or die by the success of some toilette which said patrons know they can better.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized last Thursday at St. Luke's church, the contracting parties being Mr. J. Davidson Clark of Winnipeg, and Miss Dolly Nanton of Toronto. Rev. D. Langtry and Rev. Mr. Reid, a connection of the bride, were the officiating clergymen. Precisely at eleven o'clock the bridal party appeared at the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, bunches of narcissis being fastened at the seats reserved for the guests, and the chancel filled with palms, etc. The bride, looking charming in a white satin gown with long tulle veil, was given away by her brother, Mr. Augustus Nanton of Winnipeg. Her only bridesmaid was her little sister, Miss Sweetie Nanton, who looked bewitching in a white silk frock, with a wreath of roses on her fair little head. The groomsmen were Mr. Arthur Clark of St. Paul. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the family residence in St. Joseph street. Among the invited guests present were: Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Miss Langtry, Rev. Mr. Reid and Mrs. Reid, Mr. E. A. Meredith and Miss Meredith, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows, Miss Jarvis, Mrs. W. Hope Mrs. Fitzgerald, the Misses Fitzgerald, Miss Dupont, Miss Any Dupont, the Misses Scott and many others. The happy couple left for a tour in the States.

The marriage of Miss Edith Mulock, daughter of the Postmaster General, and Mr. McDowall Thompson takes place on June 16 at half-past two in the afternoon, at St. James's Cathedral, with a reception afterward at the residence of the bride's parents in Jarvis street. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will reside at 170 Bloor street east, that cosy home recently vacated by Doctor Stevenson.

The marriage of Miss Mildred O'Brien and Mr. Henry A. Prince of New York will take place on June 7 in St. Paul's church, Bloor street.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Heaven entertained a very charming party to hear the nice little programme offered by her Wednesday morning singing class. This pleasant little club, consisting of some sixteen lady members, under the baton of Miss Denzil, has met for some time on Wednesdays and practiced a

number of simple and tuneful selections. At the musicale they sang very sweetly O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, a Lullaby, and a setting, with solos, of the National Anthem, among other things. Miss Miller, a very pretty and gifted pupil of Miss Denzil, sang, alternating with Mr. Carnahan, these solos, and both contributed songs, as did also Miss Denzil. Mr. Carnahan sang Mr. Torrington's new patriotic song, Victoria Our Queen, and as an encore Father O'Flynn in capital style. After the concert an elegant supper was served, after which a carpet dance closed the very charming evening. The members of the club who sang were: The Misses Drynan, Miss Heaven, the Misses Brock, Miss Murray, Miss Oliver Matthews, Miss Miller, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Morang, Miss Barrie, Mrs. Gilmour, and Mrs. Fred Winnett. Miss Dallas and Fraulein Gervais were the accompanists. Among those privileged to hear them were: Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Murray, Mr. Kuble, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mrs. Morison, Mr. Morison, Miss Smart, Major Waterbury, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. George Mitchell, Dr. Winnett, and the Misses Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne's Race week dance was delightful. Not too many guests for perfect comfort, every contrivance for pleasant chats and cosy *coleries*, the best of suppers, the finest of wines, pretty women in becoming frocks, shoals of men, good music, and a perfect *salon de danse*—what more could be desired? One thing, a watchful and cordial host and hostess; and this never lacks at Clover Hill. Mrs. Osborne received in the hall in a bright rose gown, admirably suiting her style, and as the groups of smart people floated down the stair and made their bows, then dispersed through the various beautiful rooms, or sought the dozen cosy corners, it does not often fall to my lot to see so many fine types of girl and womanhood. The visitors particularly were most attractive. Miss Dobell, in white satin and silver, has some of her mother's grace and a charming, bright young face. Miss Muntzinger of New York, who accepts with delightful naivete the admiration of everyone, was in pale blue satin, admirably gowning her tall and elegant figure. Mrs. Herbert Yates, always a belle, was in white brocade. Mrs. Tyler, who has lost none of Miss Whittaker's charm and whom everyone is glad to welcome, wore a quaint blue organdie flowered and frilled, and carried an exquisite bouquet of roses. Mrs. Yates of Montreal, (nee Banting), looked very well in white satin. Miss Skill, an exceeding fair maiden, was in white and delicate green; Miss Maude Hendrie, who is a guest at Chudleigh this week, came with her hostess, Miss Beardmore, and Miss Mabel Cawthra, the three girls being in white, a very smart trio; Miss Leverich of New York, who came with her pretty cousin, Miss Evelyn Cox, wore pink satin. These are some of the visitors who have brightened many homes by their presence recently. A few of the other pretty women were: Mrs. Bristol, in yellow with pinks *en berthe*; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, very sweet in white satin, and carrying an enormous bouquet of calla lilies and white lilies; Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Willie Ince, Mrs. Wolfershan Thomas, in a pretty gown, and many pink and red roses; the Misses Sullivan, the Misses Elmsley, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Boulton, Miss Jessie Rowand, whose bright face all are glad to welcome back; Miss Temple, Miss Katie Stevenson, Miss Florrie Scarth, Miss Osler, Miss Violet Langmuir, Miss Rioridan, looking lovely in an exquisite transparent frock over pale green satin, and Miss Louis Jones, in white over rose-color. Lots of birds of passage of the sterner sex came to Clover Hill for the dance, and many were the nice things they said of host, hostess and guests. Mr. Clive Pringle and a group of club men came in late, but found plenty of partners and a hearty welcome. The dance came to an end with God Save the Queen about half-past two, and is now one of the fairest memories of a bright week.

Mrs. Helm of Port Hope is the guest of Miss Muttelbury of Grenville street.

Mrs. J. A. Tuck is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. J. Notman of 711 Spadina avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coulter have removed from Kensington avenue to 418 Huron street, where Mrs. Coulter will be at home the first Tuesday in each month.

The many friends of Mrs. Frederick Williams are delighted to see her home again, looking much improved in health after her winter's sojourn in the South.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay will give a dramatic and musical recital in the Normal School Theater on Tuesday evening, June 1. Miss Ramsay will be assisted by Miss Catharine Birney, Mrs. Crowley, Mr. W. E. Rundle and others.

Mrs. C. L. Bath, who had so many friends and admirers as Miss May Francis, sailed for Canada on the 20th by the Laurentian, and will shortly visit her mother, Mrs. Francis, for a little while. Mrs. Francis and her family are now at their summer residence at Island Park, and no doubt everyone who knew sweet Miss Francis will take a run over to welcome Mrs. Bath.

Mr. Angus Kertland of the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, takes the position in that institution in Toronto left vacant by the death of Mr. Constantine Brough. Mr. and Mrs. Kertland are popular society people.

A fine bright afternoon and plenty of go and enthusiasm in the immense crowd made the success of the annual games of the Model School on Friday, May 21. The games were, as usual, held in the Normal School yard, and everything went off beautifully.

One of the most charming dinners of the Race week was that given at the Toronto Club on Wednesday evening by Mr. E. S. Cox for his guests, Dr. and Mrs. Adlington Newman of Detroit, and Mrs. and Miss Leverich of New York. The party included: Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Major and

Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Capt. Ferguson, Mr. J. Seagram, Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. E. F. Seagram, Mr. Grayson Smith and Mr. Hay. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Cox drove a number of young people on a coach to the Country Club House for dinner after the Races.

Dr. J. Frank McConnell of Las Cruces, Mexico, is in the city on a visit for a few weeks.

Mrs. Bob Skinner passed through Toronto and was at the Races on Monday. Mrs. Skinner had just got back from Vancouver when she received news of her mother's serious illness in Montreal and started at once for that city.

The lawns of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club are in beautiful condition, and many of the ladies who are devotees of the game are looking forward to Friday next, which is the first ladies' day. Ladies who intend to play this year should send their names to the honorary secretary, Mr. F. B. Johnston, Standard Bank.

The Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association are engaged in what is a praiseworthy attempt to promote amateur athletics in Canada. For many years—seventeen, in fact—Americans have come over here and won nearly all our championships. In order to remedy this, if possible, the T.L. and A.A. have resolved, as one step in the right direction, to hold an Inter-Club championship meeting on their beautiful grounds at Rosedale on this Saturday afternoon at half-past two.

Society at the Capital.

THE session is drawing to a close, but society is still on the *qui vive*, and the careful housewife who formerly had her house cleaned in May and superintended the putting away of furs from the ravages of the enterprising moth, is now attending luncheons and At Homes or resting after a late evening party. Not that the functions at Government House are late, for this year God Save the Queen has been played at midnight after each reception, as His Excellency the Governor-General spends the early morning hours hard at work. On the morning of Her Majesty's birthday the Governor-General reviewed his own regiment, the G.G.F.G., attired in the uniform of the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, accompanied by a brilliant staff. Major-General Gascoigne was also present and inspected the troops. Lady Aberdeen was present, seated in her phaeton. Lady Aberdeen wore a dark green gown with toque to match, trimmed with flowers, and short fawn-colored cloth cape trimmed with dark fur. In the evening His Excellency the Governor-General gave a state dinner in honor of Her Majesty's birthday, which included all the Ministers of the Crown, ex-Ministers and other officials. In the evening, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, Lady Aberdeen held a reception at which over one thousand people were present. Formerly about eight hundred people were asked to a Government House reception, and the other six or seven hundred were quite contented to remain uninvited and bear the "ills they knew not of." Now the first eight hundred grumble at the extra seven hundred being invited; in fact, to be at the head of Ottawa society is not an enviable position. During the dinner a cable from Her Majesty was read, thanking the Governor-General for the congratulations cabled by him. The reception was a brilliant one, all the details being carefully arranged and carried out, and everything being done to ensure the success of the evening. The whole house was thrown open for the guests, even the chapel, when Madame Bergeron, one of our most popular visitors, sang a couple of times. Fireworks were set off during the evening, witnessed from the verandas, which were lighted by Chinese lanterns. Lady Aberdeen wore a costume of yellow brocade trimmed with lace, tiara of diamonds and emeralds, with necklace and other ornaments to match. Hon. Mr. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy were in town last week, staying at the Russell House. A number of dinners and luncheons were given in their honor by Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Hon. R. W. Scott and Mrs. Scott, and others. Sir Oliver Mowat, who has been indisposed, has now quite recovered.

The military contingent going over for the Jubilee have left Ottawa for Quebec, and the Premier and his party, also a military one, containing a great many colonels, start in about two weeks.

Miss White of Quebec, step-daughter of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, who has been staying with Madame Laverne at the Russell House, has returned home, to everybody's regret, as she is extremely popular.

Madame Laurier gave a luncheon party last week, inviting all the ladies of the Cabinet to meet Mrs. Hardy.

Madame Tarte and her three daughters have been in town lately. Hon. Mr. Tarte gave a luncheon at the Senate restaurant for them, inviting all the daughters of Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament and other officials, to meet them.

Mrs. Fielding, wife of the Minister of Finance, gave two large At Homes last week between the hours of five and seven o'clock. Many ladies who are behind in their visiting list take this means of paying off old scores and making a fresh start.

Mrs. Allan of Moss Park, Toronto, is in town, the guest of Mr. Schreiber and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. The Misses Kingsmill of Toronto made many friends during their brief visit here. Everyone hopes they will soon return to the Capital. Ottawa, May 26.

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Social and Personal.

Queen's Plate day will long be remembered by those who note the brilliant functions of our social world. Never has the Woodbine held a smarter crowd, nor a more perfect day beamed upon their pleasures. Just cool enough to make a stroll in the bright May sunshine without the nuisance of an umbrella the most enjoyable of alternations with a cosy chat in the boxes, or a little raid into the refreshment-room. Just warm enough to give the smartest gowns an airing between the intervals of snuggling into furry wraps. There were the usual habitués, attending strictly to business, picking the winners with the old happy confidence, and making the inevitable bad mistakes; the photo flend and the ladies with the note-books were also on hand for the papers; and the boy with the pop-corn, oblivious of tip-tilted and scornful noses, sailed about with his strident voice and loaded tray. Everywhere the same crowd, with the same bows and greetings, and a good many new faces, all more or less wreathed in smiles. On opening day many women shot their bolt in the way of costumes, glad to be sure of one fine afternoon. Some young matrons recently stolen from our garden of girls were back for a little holiday, and looked one and all well and happy. Mrs. Willie Hope, in a charming little dove-gray gown, with silk and chiffon bodice under a pretty bolero, was here and there among the smart groups, with her sister, Miss Jarvis, also in gray, and her husband, Mr. Hope, who is voted the best of good fellows. Mrs. Yates, in a striped frock of heliotrope and white, was welcomed by many old friends, as was also Mrs. Herbert Yates of Brantford, who is visiting Mrs. Coldham in Madison avenue. Dr. McArthur and his bride, with Miss McArthur, occupied a central box. Mrs. Fred Winnett was charming in a lawn, tailor-made gown; Mrs. Kerr Osborne, in a beautiful cloth gown embroidered in gold, and a stunning yellow hat with long heron's plume and ostrich feathers in black, was, as usual, a much admired woman. Some time during the afternoon His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick arrived, with Mrs. Dobell and Captain Kirkpatrick, and slipped so quietly to their box that the Grenadiers' Band, which supplied the music on Queen's Plate day, did not arouse the patriotic strains of God Save the Queen until Her Majesty's representatives had been seated for some time. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a black gown and hat, and one of the modish little panted coats in soft black satin, which are *le dernier cri* across the water. Mrs. Dobell's graceful and elegant figure was well set off by a trim black *moire* gown, and she wore a small jetted bonnet. Mrs. Hardy was in black canvas over purple silk, trimmed with many rows of narrow ribbon, and a bonnet of roses and violets. Mrs. Stratford wore a handsome black and white costume and large black hat. A good many rich gowns were only shown for a tiny while, delicate women being afraid of the cold and wrapping mantles well about them. A lovely gown in heliotrope *moire*, with a large black hat with yellow trimmings and long plumes, was worn by Mrs. Melvin-Jones; Miss Melvin-Jones wore pale gray embroidered in gold, and softly shirred sleeves of rose-pink chiffon, and a picture hat in pink and gray. With the Llawhaden party came Premier Greenway, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, and Hon. Mr. Watson of Manitoba. The Davies box held an exceedingly smart group of ladies, dressed beautifully and looking very well. Immediately behind the Lieutenant-Governor's box was the Hendrie party, Mrs. Hendrie in a black velvet gown, with little touches of rare white lace, and a little bonnet and white lace veil; Miss Tina Hendrie in black with heliotrope velvet coat and hat; Miss Hendrie of Detroit in a red glace silk trimmed with cross bars of black ribbon velvet, and a cream hat with velvet bows. Mrs. Russell of Detroit, in a rose and white-lined silk, and smart little fawn covert cloth coat, and a pretty hat. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer of Hamilton were popular visitors, Mrs. Cramer in a Newmarket surout of fawn cloth and a round hat piled with rosy chiffon puffs and becoming the bright and mobile face to a marvel. Mr. George Christie Gibbons of London had his two young daughters, very prettily and smartly gowned. The Londoners were guests at the Queen's, and were among the lucky ones able to secure rooms, over a hundred guests on Friday night having to be turned away. Mrs. Clinch and Mrs. McCuaig were two charming women, both wearing gray. Mrs. McCuaig's pretty frock having touches of canary and white. Mrs. Moore of Ottawa wore that perfect little mouse-gray suit of which I spoke last week; Mrs. Ridell was another pretty woman who chose the Quaker color for the first day's gown, with an Elizabethan collar, and a pretty walking hat to match her costume; Miss Harriet Leverich of New York wore red *moire* with many rows of black ribbon velvet, and a smart hat; Miss Cawthra wore a lovely gown of white with gold braiding, and a small flower hat; tall and graceful Mrs. FitzGibbon wore a delightfully chic costume of tiny shepherd's plaid, and a purple chapeau with a most becoming fan trimming in purple chiffon; Mrs. Riordan, looking very handsome in black, chaperoned her two fair daughters, who were quiet figured silk gowns. Mrs. James Caruthers wore a glace silk in shepherd's plaid with many rows of velvet ribbon, and the early Victorian flounce, narrow in front and knee-high at the back; the lilac-crowned hat in cream chip with smart purplish wings worn with this frock, was a beauty. Miss Hamilton wore delicate drab cashmere with frills of cream over green; Mrs. James Crowther was a dainty figure in dark gray with rose-colored vest, and sailor hat smothered in roses; Mrs. Emmilus Baldwin was smartly gowned in black with collar of yellow handsomely trimmed with jet; very sweet and graceful was Miss Skill, the bride-elect, in dove-gray cashmere and chiffon and large hat; Mrs. Lyndhurst Ozden wore green with vest of white chiffon over satin; Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft wore a very smart gown in blue and black; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was very trimly dressed in a blue cloth gown, handsomely braided; Miss Edith Mulock, another bride-elect, was quietly dressed in gray with a pretty hat *en suite*; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore green cloth braided in black, and cream vest; Miss Horetzky wore a very dainty pale gray

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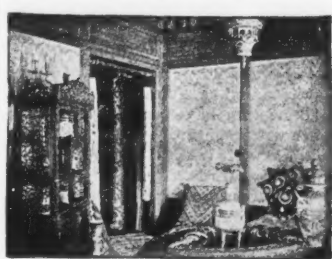
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gown with purple velvet girdle; Mrs. Brouse, Jr., was all in dark blue velvet. Another velvet gown in the new dark heliotrope, with white vest, was worn by pretty Mrs. Downey, who was with her sister and brother, Miss Blackstock and Mr. Tom Blackstock. Mrs. McKinnon was in black grenadine striped with white satin, and gray *moire* bodice with grenadine sleeves. Mrs. Harry Patterson wore dark prune cloth, a neat and well made gown, and small trim hat. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was a much welcomed visitor, as was also Sir Adolphe Caron. After the Queen's Plate was won by the black and yellow, (Seagram wants everything), a rush was made for a lunch-room, where Sir Frank Smith entertained a large party. The Government House party lunched in the private dining-room with Mr. Hendrie. The victory of the Hendrie horse in the third race was received with great enthusiasm, and the Seagram Queen's Plate got a wreath of roses from the hand of Mrs. Kirkpatrick when

he entered the paddock after the race of the day. Among the throngs strolling upon the green I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore and pretty Mrs. Casgrain of Windsor; Miss Beardmore in a very pretty black and white costume; Colonel Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Farrar, Miss Jagoe in a very becoming black and turquoise gown and black picture hat; Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Harry Duggan, Major Waterbury, Major and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Ince, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Miss Small, Dr. and the Misses Smith, Mr. Wyld, Mr. George Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Walter Andrews, Miss Jessie Rowand, much welcomed back and looking very well in a neat black and white gown of tiny checks; Mrs. E. S. and Miss Cox, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Count Hailay, a popular German nobleman; Mr. Frank Walker, to whose daughter the Count is shortly to be married; Mr. G. Allen Case, Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. Alfred Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haus, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Dr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Mrs. H. D. P. and Miss Armstrong, Miss Justina Harrison, Mr. Magann, Mr. and Miss Mackay, Mr. Hay, Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Piper. The Fort drag, with the D. A. G. on the box; Mr. George Stinson's drag, with no traces of the wilful disaster of the Wednesday before; the Beardmore coach, with its usual charming party, and one of Brown's four-hand coaches, drove by turns to the paddock and discharged their modish passengers. The universal verdict, as the immense crowd streamed out at six o'clock and drove, coached, bicycled or carried it home, was, "Never such a turnout, nor such a lovely opening day at the Woodbine."

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The system of doing business nowadays is entirely different. The manufacturer first makes samples, which he submits to the Woollen Merchant and Merchant Tailor. The goods required are ordered from the samples and made to order, thus doing away with the old-time semi-annual visit to the Old Country. There would now be no object in the Merchant Tailor making this visit, as he can see the samples at home, and if he waits (as in olden days) until the goods are made up he will have to content himself with culls and seconds, the newest and best goods being all ordered.

Our goods for next Fall and Winter were ordered in March. They are now being manufactured and will be shipped about the middle of July, when our travellers start out with their samples.

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The Tragedy of Sylvester Forbes

Judith Spencer in Short Stories.

THE financial crisis had come. Those who idly called it a "rich man's panic" never paused to think that whatever touched the rich man even lightly must of necessity sharply pinch the poor.

When Union Consolidated dropped sixty points in two days' time many a wealthy investor had been badly caught, but to many a poorer man and woman it had meant absolute ruin.

Yet there was little apparent excitement in President Osgood's private office, though these things had but just transpired, and Mr. Osgood had been but now appointed receiver of the bankrupt company.

At a desk by the far window the confidential clerk, Sylvester Forbes, was busy with a great pile of letters and accounts. He was now of middle age, and as Mr. Osgood's right-hand man had grown from an erect and slender lad to this stooping, gray-haired form. His long, clean-shaven face was as steady and expressionless as an automaton's and his hand was firm, though at this moment his heart was throbbing rebelliously under the sense of a great and intolerable wrong.

It was not twelve months ago that Mr. Osgood had one day said to him, "Forbes, you've always been a steady, careful fellow, and though you've never married, I suppose in all these years you've laid by a neat little amount against a rainy day. Now tell me, in what sort of things do you invest?"

Forbes had acknowledged then that, being of a cautious disposition and not able to afford to take great risks, he had put all of his savings into government four-per-cents.

In his thirty years of service he had laid by more than as many thousand dollars, and he was beginning to look forward to the time when, upon Mr. Osgood's retirement, he should receive his honorable discharge. Then it was his intention to take a well earned holiday and travel across the continent. It had been his dream of many years to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and Alaska, before settling down to live out his remaining years in tranquil ease.

But Mr. Osgood had smiled at his caution, and had urged him to sell his governments and invest in this wonderful Union Consolidated, which regularly paid its stockholders eight per cent. per annum, and often made an extra dividend as well. It was no risky speculation. The company was good beyond all question—so Mr. Osgood had represented it to him—and he had allowed himself to be persuaded, and had acted upon its president's advice.

And now the company had failed, and his hard-earned savings of more than thirty years were utterly wiped out. Even while he sat there calmly writing at his desk ruin stood grinning at his elbow.

The long hours of the busy day wore slowly by. Forbes conscientiously attended to his duties, though brooding all the while upon the great wrong which had been done him.

Night came, and in his lonely room he sat and computed his loss, dollar by dollar, and cent by cent, and agonized over these calculations far on into the small hours of the night.

Then passed another day. But his manifold duties were ended at last, and as soon as it was night and he was once more alone, he bent eagerly above the records of what had been so ruthlessly swept away from him, and pondered what little he might yet be able to save from out of the wreck.

Then a fugitive thought returned to haunt him. Had he not been *robbed* by this great company, and through the heartless man who as its receiver would still coin money out of its ruins for his own private purse; while he, the faithful servant and foolish victim, would soon be turned out on the streets to beg or else to starve?

What if instead of weakly submitting to such a fate, he should quietly *take back his own*? There were many ways in which it might be done, and the pitiful few thousands which were, in fact, so little to either the company or to Mr. Osgood were so much—the result of his whole life's work—to him. He would take no more than the amount which justly was his due, and which had been juggled away from him by fraud.

He went over his calculations again and again. He formulated plan after plan. His position was one of entire trust. With his opportunities he might have embezzled a fortune before now, and yet have escaped suspicion, but untold millions could not have tempted him. He wanted nothing but his own.

He tossed about all night. The morning found him, as usual, at his post, a trifle pale, perhaps, and more severe, but still the picture of incorruptible integrity. He went through his duties with mechanical regularity, though his mind was teeming with these secret projects of his own. Even while Mr. Osgood was giving him instructions, he was still, beneath that immovable face, planning how best to rob this robber of his own.

The looked for opportunity came—and it was done! And still Forbes felt himself secure. Even when the loss should be discovered—no shadow of suspicion would rest on him—his spotless reputation through all these many years was now his safeguard and his shield.

He was thrilled by a sudden and passionate exultation at the accomplishment of his design. Yet a strange and hitherto unknown undercurrent of misery came with it. The money was his own again—but his honesty was gone. Futility were all his clever reasonings now, when it was too late! They had seemed plausible enough before, but now they turned against him with a damning force. Already he felt that his peace of mind was gone—forever gone.

"Forbes!"

It was Mr. Osgood who spoke to him, and the guilty man sprang up with a tremor that chilled him to the bone. In spite of his conscious security, he felt for the moment that detection had come, and the cold sweat started from

every pore.

He passed his shaking hand across his brow, and tried in vain to compose his altered face.

"So this is where you live," said Mr. Osgood, his quick glance taking in the details of the small, well-ordered room—the stands of books, the sober furnishings, the photographs of Western scenery, and the coal fire glowing in the grate.

"A cozy place," said he; "I wish I had found my way to it before."

Forbes recovered himself by a mighty effort as he realized that he had fallen asleep and had dreamed a horrible dream. Papers, closely covered with the careful figures which represented his loss, were scattered on the table before him, but the guilty deed was not yet done. It existed as a fact only within his own mad, whirling brain.

He clutched the papers as if they could betray him, and crushed them with a rigid hand, while he motioned his unexpected visitor to the single easy-chair.

"Thanks, my good fellow," Mr. Osgood said, as he settled himself before the fire. "No doubt you are wondering to see me here; but there's something I've been wanting to say to you for several days, and at the office there seems to be no time. You are such a conscientiously conscientious fellow that a man can't get a word with you on any private matter during business hours."

"I've not forgotten, Forbes," he continued, "our talk about your investments some time last year. And I know it was owing to what I said that you sold out your governments and bought Union Consolidated instead. I was quite honest in giving you that advice, for I could in no way foresee this crisis and the failure of the company. But I don't intend that you shall lose your hard-earned savings. I shall assume the loss, myself. Tut, my dear fellow, I can afford it and you cannot. You need not be troubled; it is all right, and in the course of a few days I shall hand you over the entire amount in governments again. I believe these figures are correct?"

"And you were quite right, Forbes; I see it now. A poor man can't afford to take such risks."

Forbes had started up in agony. Each word of Mr. Osgood's was a lash which stung him to the quick.

"Sir, you—I—I cannot—" he stammered.

"Tut, tut, man. Sit down. Don't get excited," Mr. Osgood said kindly. "Why, you didn't think I'd let you stand such a loss, I hope, when it was I who put you into it?"

"I should have had you sell out at the beginning of the decline, but the crash came too suddenly. We didn't foresee it, or know exactly where we were. Suspensions and failures came so quick on every side, and each one hit us such a blow that we were carried under too."

"Well, we shall reorganize and go on again, stronger than before. But in the meantime, I take your stock at what you gave for it, you understand. I should be ashamed to look you in the face otherwise."

"Why, my good fellow, you deserve it! It isn't every man that can be trusted—in these days of thieves and rascals—as I have trusted you. Here you have been with me over thirty years—that's a record! And I know an honest man when I see him! Forbes, my dear fellow, what's the matter? Good God!"

For Forbes had staggered to his feet, and with shaking, outstretched hands was beating back his employer's kindly words of commendation.

Guilt had eaten its way into his heart, and he knew that he was no longer an honest man. He tried to speak, to confess the horrible blackness of his uncommitted crime. But the words upon his lips died away in unintelligible sounds, and clutching the air with nervous hands, he staggered and reeled like a drunken man.

Mr. Osgood sprang forward and caught him just as he was about to fall.

The doctors, hastily summoned, could give no hope of his recovery. But for ten days, which seemed an eternity to the stricken man, Forbes lingered, unable to raise hand or foot, incapable alike of speech or motion.

It was a living soul held prisoner in a body already dead, and his eyes were piteous in their mute agony.

Night after night Mr. Osgood came in and sat for awhile by the bedside, speaking always of his old clerk's faithfulness and strict integrity through all those many years. And Forbes, listening to this praise in the silence which was his doom, felt that it was a punishment almost heavier than he could bear.

But at last his discharge came, and the burdened soul of Sylvester Forbes started away on another journey than that one to the distant West for which he had planned so long.

Then all who had ever known him, and the minister at the funeral, dwelt with feeling upon the dead man's uprightness and fidelity to the interest of his employer throughout that long period of conscientious service.

And Mr. Osgood, still haunted by those piteous eyes as he stood by the open grave and heard the earth fall harshly upon the coffin-lid, found himself repeating below his breath:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Meet Me at Muller's

is a frequently heard expression on the city's streets. Muller's, nine King street west, is not only the most popular meeting place, but the most popular cigar and tobacco store in the city as well.

Miss Gaskett—Miss Flipp says she will marry Mr. Doylers to reform him. Miss Fossick—What is his vice? Miss Gaskett—He is something of a miser.

Build Up.

When the system is run down a person becomes an easy prey to consumption or scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

A Remarkable Case.

Doctors Could Not Agree as to the Trouble.

A New Brunswick Lady the Victim—Suffered for Thirty Years—The Attack Caused Partial Blindness and a Feeling of Semi-Paralysis. From the Woodstock, N.S., Sentinel.

Mrs. E. P. Ross of Riley Brook, N.B., says: "I have been a sufferer for thirty years, and I am sure I would still be in the same lamentable condition had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was married at the age of twenty and am now fifty-one years old. I had always enjoyed good health until after my first child was born. About a month later the illness attacked me which has since made my life miserable. I consulted different doctors, but they did not agree as to the nature of my trouble. One said it was a species of paralysis; others said symptoms of fits. I would be feeling very well, when I would suddenly have a sensation of partial blindness, and everything before me would become numb, and after about ten minutes this sensation would pass to my lower limbs, then my tongue would become affected, as would also my hearing. Voices, no matter how close to me, would seem dim and far away. These symptoms would last for about forty minutes. I would have a violent pain over the eyes, which would continue for twelve



hours or more. Notwithstanding all that was done for me, these spells were coming more frequently, and at last I would sometimes have two attacks a day. I was also troubled with bronchitis, which added to my misery. I could not sew or knit, or do any work that required close attention to it. All this trouble had never left me for years, and at the age of forty-eight I consulted another doctor. The medicine he gave me, however, made me worse instead of better. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was using the third box before I found any benefit, but then there was a decided change. By the time I used twelve boxes I felt as well as I did in my young days. Every symptom of the trouble that had so long made my life miserable had disappeared. For eighteen months I did not use the pills and was as well as ever I had been in my life. Then one morning I felt a slight attack of the old trouble and determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. I got a box and took an occasional pill and have never since had a symptom of the trouble. To say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me is putting it mildly, and I strongly urge their use on all who may be ill. Pink Pills were also of great benefit to a niece of mine, Miss Etie J. Everett. Her mother died when she was quite young, and naturally much of the care of the household developed upon her, and as she grew up she became weak, easily tired, subject to headaches and her complexion was pale and wax-like. A young lady teacher who was boarding with the family, and who had used Pink Pills with great success urged her to try them. The result was that she soon was enjoying the best of health and is a fine robust young lady who shows no traces of her former illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A Bloomer Dialogue.

Anonymous.

"It is so difficult to decide," said Miss Powers appealingly.

"They are becoming very general," I replied.

"So many people consider them fast," she continued.

"Only prejudiced people," I answered encouragingly.

"But there are so many such," said Miss Powers plaintively.

"You are not obliged to notice them," I said.

"That will not prevent them noticing you," rejoined Miss Powers.

I could not deny this latter contention, and a short silence ensued.

"A neat, plain skirt, and a blouse look very nice, don't you think?" she enquired tentatively.

"Charming, on the right person," I said.

I spoke with perhaps more fervency than I should have done, for Miss Powers blushed slightly as she said:

"But on a windy day it must be—"

"Very delightful," I murmured unthinkingly. Then I hastened to repair my mistake by adding:

"To dispense with them."

I felt that this was somewhat vague; but Miss Powers' next remark showed me that she comprehended my meaning.

"Skirts must be a great hindrance," she said.

"They must indeed," said I.

"On the other hand, the—" Miss Powers paused.

"The alternatives would, of course, give more play to the—I should say—greater freedom of action," I said, coming to her assistance.

"The question is," mused Miss Powers, "whether a woman does not lose in attractiveness when she is dressed—"

"It is a moot point, certainly," I assented.

"Dressed in masculine attire, I was about to say," continued Miss Powers, directing towards me a scathing look.

"Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
for an ill end disparages the rest."

—(Art of Cookery.)

And a cup of Delicious "SALADA" Ceylon Tea sets the Guinea Stamp on every feast.

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA
IS FRAGRANT AND DELICIOUS.

Sold in Lead Packets Only.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c

"That is clearly the most important thing to be considered," I rejoined humbly.

"It must be so easy to mount in them," said she.

"In dismounting, with skirts on," I ventured, "one might display—"

"I quite understand," she interrupted quickly.

"And in the event of a fall."

"Oh!" said Miss Powers.

"So that—," I began.

"I think I shall decide against skirts," she replied.

"Of course, some girls cannot afford to discard skirts," I remarked.

"No!" interjected Miss Powers.

"Girls who may not have been fairly treated by Providence with regard to—"

"Precisely," assented Miss Powers, with a furtive glance downwards.

"Others more liberally bestowed in that respect—"

"I shall have skirts, I believe, after all," interrupted Miss Powers.

"Have nothing to fear from windy weather," I went on, trying to catch the eye of my companion.

"I think you are perfectly horrid!" was her reply.

I played silence, and, after a short pause, Miss Powers vouchsafed—

"Mr. Rawson prefers the—er—alternatives."

"Of course," I said, "he must be considered."

"You are very rude," said Miss Powers sharply.

I was in trouble again, and, as I could see but one way out of it, I simulated an injured air and complained—

"You did not allow me to finish my sentence. I meant to have said that Mr. Rawson must be considered a judge in these matters."

"And so you would advise me—?"

"Certainly not," I returned.

"But I wish you to. How provoking you are!" said Miss Powers, kicking against the ground in a vicious manner which promised the utter destruction of a very neat French shoe.

"That alters the case," said I.

"So your opinion is—?"

"That a girl who, we will assume, has been well treated by—"

"There is no need to repeat that," remarked Miss Powers.

"Well," I continued, "that such a girl would do best to wear skirts, and chance the windy days."

"And in the event of a fall?" she enquired, with a faint smile.

"She should be careful to always have someone at hand to pick her up again," I responded promptly.

"Girls are so slow," said Miss Powers irrelevantly.

"Some of them," I admitted.

There was another lull in the conversation, and the unfortunate foot-gear of my companion suffered again.

"Then you do not agree with Mr. Rawson?" said Miss Powers.

"Certainly, on one point," I replied.

"Really?" returned Miss Powers in the tone which a woman uses when she wishes to ask a question without asking it.

"We are at one," I replied slowly, "in considering the tandem to be the most perfect form of bicycle."

Miss Powers was studying the scenery.

"I have purchased a tandem," I continued. The view was impressively interesting.

"And the front seat is vacant."

Miss Powers smiled, and transferred her attention to the ground.

"So that," I proceeded boldly, "you have only to choose between skirts and the—er—alternatives."

"I am sure I shall prefer skirts," murmured Miss Powers.

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TOOTH WASH

IS AN ELEGANT ANTISEPTIC—NO EQUAL.

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PRESERVES AND CLEANSSES THE TEETH.

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IS A MOST AGREEABLE AROMATIC ESPECIALLY ESTEEMED IN SUMMER.

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Iron and Brass Beds

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ALL KINDS OF SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES

LOWEST PRICES. AT THE NEW WAREROOMS OF

The SCHOMBERG FURNITURE CO.

651-653 Yonge Street, Toronto

An Effort at Economy.

N. Y. Truth.

We had a fit of economy last week—only it didn't fit very well. We needed some coal, and the little lady bought nearly a ton, at half price, from some neighbors who were going to move. Then the question arose as to how we were going to move it over to our house. Finally we concluded to borrow a horse and wagon from a neighbor and cart it over in that. I was to do the shoveling and carting evenings, when I was resting.

I nearly broke my back loading that wagon with coal the first time. I need not say the first time, though, for I never loaded it again. The horse ran away the very first time I said "G'lang" to him. He scattered the coal from Milkville to Card Corners, and he wiped up parts of three New York counties with him.

That effort at economy cost me just \$78 when I had paid all the damages.

I am taking lessons in elocution now. You should hear my imitation of a man swearing.

TOM HALL.

The Sleepless Child.

I often can not sleep at night,
And have the blind up for the light;
And on the carpet crumbs I put
To tempt the mouse's silky foot.

And then I love to lie and watch
Her feasting in the moonlight patch;
And if I speak she does not stir,
Because she knows I'm fond of her.

When sleep outside my bedroom waits,
The mouse and moon are friendly mates,
And if they come they both are sure
To kiss and frolic on the floor.

NORMAN GALE.

You think of Scott's

Emulsion as only for those

who have consumption or

who have inherited a ten-

dency to it. Almost its

greatest use is for those

whose condition is so im-

paired as not to be able to

get the good they should out

of their ordinary food. In

nearly every case with these,

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-

liver Oil brings back appetite,

stimulates digestion, restores

color and plumpness, and

controls the diseases of thin-

ness. Book about it, free,

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DRAFTS issued payable at par in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES

We have for sale stock in all the world's mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Junbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market

QUEER CORNER

WHEN VICTORIA BECAME QUEEN.

Light and air were taxed when Victoria became England's Queen. The tax on windows brought in £1,000,000 a year to the treasury. Poor people blocked up windows to escape payment. It was common practice to paint rows of windows on the solid wall of a house. This was done so that hasty passers-by, mistaking semblance for reality, might not accuse the inmates of being poor.

Thirteen crimes were punishable with death when Victoria took up her duties as sovereign. The number of capital crimes was later reduced to nine in England. Now there are but two—high treason and wilful murder. The death penalty has practically been abolished in Bavaria, Denmark, Belgium, Prussia and Sweden, and in some of the United States. Seventeen Presidents have ruled in the United States since Victoria became Queen. Only three of them are now living. The thrones of Europe have changed many times. Victoria has been contemporary to twenty-eight Kings, six Emperors, four Czars, three Queens, thirteen Presidents, ten Princes, five Sultans, and many petty rulers of smaller States of Europe and Asia.

Australia was chiefly important as a penal colony in those days. The greater part of its territory was then unexplored. Its total population in 1837 was 345,000. Now it is over 3,300,000. To-day its trade exceeds that of all Great Britain at the beginning of Victoria's reign. The city of Melbourne then consisted of a church, an inn, three shops, twenty huts and a kangaroo-meat market. It is now Australia's largest city, with 500,000 people.

A TRAMP'S LUCK.

A tramp who was confined in the Woodstock jail was surprised on Thursday last at receiving a cheque from England for \$677, a part of his share in his mother's estate, which was in the court for settlement. The governor of the jail took him down to the bank and had the cheque cashed, when the tramp paid his fine and was liberated, and he at once entered upon the easy task of getting rid of the money.

THE WEIGHT OF RAIN.

An inch of rain means that the quantity that falls on an acre of ground weighs 100 tons.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

It is passing strange to hear from an undoubted authority how a Chinaman's purchases are governed. He buys less because he wants the articles than because the trade mark, label, or color is lucky. He shuns white, buff, and such combinations as blue and white or blue and buff, because these tints are to his mind associated with death and mourning, and are consequently unlucky, says The Lady. He loves red, because it means rejoicing, and yellow because it signifies dignity. His superstitions respecting the human body are so many that it should never be used on the wrapper of any goods sent to China, and a green cap represents to the Celestial mind the greatest misfortune that can befall a man.

TOADS SENT FROM CALIFORNIA.

A pair of California horned toads, says the Mount Forest Representative, were received through the mail the past week by Mr. Peter McIntyre of Egremont, having been sent by his brother John, as a present to the former's little son. The toads are really pretty creatures, very quiet and perfectly harmless. They are about the size of ordinary Canadian toads, but much more shapely and are covered with nicely-colored scales, while around the back part of their heads is a row of short pink horns resembling a crown.

SMALLEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

Probably the smallest piece of painting in the world is that executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill, and a miller mounting a stair with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants is shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being furnished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.

SWEETMEAT STATISTICS.

More sweets are sold in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago than in the whole of France. In each of these cities the delicacies are turned out by the ton. The United States contains more than 2,000 manufacturers of confectionery, whose combined capital amounts to over \$10,000,000, and who employ 16,000 hands. The amount paid in wages and for materials is close upon \$30,000,000 per annum, while the yearly value of the products is half as much again.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

The following advertisement appeared the other day in the Toronto Evening Telegram: \$5—LOST from — Grange avenue, a small black and tan female.

RUN TO EARTH AT LAST.

Magistrate Smith of Almonte fined four men the other day for selling milk on Sunday. Those who bought milk on Sunday, although they were participants in the crime, and, no doubt, the chief offenders, were not prosecuted.

ALLAH AND COMMERCE.

In Morocco the street hawk recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: "In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadji! Fresh figs! Fresh figs!" "In the name of Sidna Alihu-Khala! Melons! Nice, sweet melons!" "God is Gracious! Cool water!" These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave girl or the bids for a carpet is careful to interlard his professional talk with allusions to his Maker and the plethoric roll of Moorish saints.

Advertising Answered.

Pick-Me-Up.

The Cashier—I saw something in the paper the other day that would interest you. A boarding has been unearthed at Pompeii, still covered with the advertisements posted there eighteen hundred years ago.

The Advertisement Canvasser—I have no doubt they advertised for lava.

GRENADIER AND BUTCHER

A Military Bandsman of 50 Years' Standing and a Young Butcher Experienced the Marvellous Curative Powers of **Dodd's Kidney Pills**.

A NEWSPAPER INVESTIGATION.

In the Case of Mr. Henry Pye, Diabetes Had Brought on Paralysis—Two Doctors Said William Wade was Dying of Bright's Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Them.

Each of them tells an interesting story to a Newspaper Reporter—Mr. Pye played in the Marine Band at the Duke of Wellington's funeral—In the Royal Grenadiers' Band for 20 years—He had given up hope when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him—Wm. Wade, after being sick for years with Bright's Disease and his life despaired of, tests the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now in good health.

From Mail and Empire.

The reputation which Dodd's Kidney Pills enjoy to-day must have been built upon a broad foundation of sure curative qualities. To verify this view, a Mail and Empire representative yesterday investigated two wonderful cures that have been much talked of in the East End of the city, and the results of the enquiry are worth recording.

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 115 Pape avenue. He is a genial, happy, prosperous-looking man of sixty-five years, and was very pleased to see anyone who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Why shouldn't I talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked Mr. Pye. "In the first place, they saved my life—no doubt about that—and in the second place, if it hadn't been for them, I couldn't have kept my situation. A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Farrell, she's a great Methodist, was cured by them, and she calls them God's Kidney Pills."

"But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoemaker, but six years ago I laid away my last, and since then have given all my time to music. I've been a member of the Royal Grenadiers' band for twenty years. It's just fifty years ago last month since I joined the Marine Band in England. I played at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in 1852."

"For thirty-five years I have lived in Toronto. In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got chilled through. That was the beginning of my sickness. Last summer, when the Grenadiers went to Berlin, I could hardly get through the day. The next morning I got up feeling pretty well. But after breakfast I was taken with frightful pains in my back. I had to send for a doctor. He gave me morphine, and pronounced it a very bad case of diabetes. In a week I lost forty pounds of flesh. I would drink so much water that I would go out and vomit it. But I would come in with just as great a thirst as ever. I must have drank gallons of a day."

"But could you still get around all right?" "Well, no. My right leg began to be paralyzed, and at times my foot would swing about as if I had no control of it. I was living on Grant street then, but as I couldn't walk, I thought I might as well ride a bit farther, and came out here to get the country air."

"I have been accustomed to play in the band at the Exhibition, and last year, as the Exhibition time drew near, I was anxious to stick it out for that engagement, thinking it would be my last. I was beginning to feel the paralysis in my fingers, so that I could scarcely work the keys. My friends, too, thought it was all up with me."

"During the Exhibition I stayed with my daughter, who lives in Parkdale, I was getting worse every day. My son-in-law said he had heard of several women in Parkdale who had been cured of kidney disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. So he got a box for me, and I started taking them. Before two days I began to feel better. I took that box and ten others. By that time I felt so well that I stopped taking them, except occasionally. My health is now first-rate, but I still take the pills, off and on."

"Last winter I played sixty nights at the rink without the slight inconvenience. Yesterday I walked ten miles. Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel myself getting stronger every day. I can run up the four flights of stairs to the band practice-room easier than I could crawl up them last summer. I'm just about my healthy weight, and fit as a fiddle."

"I tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right. I've started a dozen people taking them since I was cured. My daughter, who has been sick and doctoring for a long time, has begun to take the Tablets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done."

William Wade, the nineteen-year-old son of

Mr. Henry Wade, the well known East End butcher, 910 Queen street east, was another who it was reported had been marvelously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire representative, he was in the act of hoisting a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beef to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

"Are you the boy that was thought to be dying of Bright's disease a year and a half ago, and had been given up by two doctors?" asked the newspaper man.

"I am, and it was a pretty close shave I had."

"Well, you don't look much of an infant or invalid now."

"You saw what I was doing. Well, I was as good as a corpse a year and a half ago. It'll just take a minute to tell you about it. Six years ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria. I was just over it when I went hunting, and got a relapse. Kidney trouble set in. It would come back every spring and fall for three or four weeks. Of course, the attacks became more severe, and in the intervals I was of little use to myself or anyone else."

"A year ago last fall I got so bad that two doctors were attending me daily. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that if I got over that attack I would not be able to work for six years. Before long they gave me up altogether, and said my death was but a matter of a few weeks. It was then that some one brought me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took fifteen boxes, and was cured."

"I continue to take the pills occasionally, especially after heavy lifting. Now I can do a heavy day's work and feel first-rate after it. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone that I know has kidney trouble."

Good Suggestion.

Youth's Companion.

It would be well for many of the people who are given to worrying to pay heed to a story of Cromwell's time, said to be absolutely true. The Protector was sending a special envoy to Sweden in the person of Bushrod Whitelock, a most devout man, but one of an extremely ner-

"Makes a Pleasant Cup"

LUDELLA

is a rich Ceylon Tea. Its fine flavor captivates all who try it.

Lead Package Only—25, 40, 50 and 60c. From Leading Grocers

vous, anxious temperament. As the ambassador was about to embark on his journey, he was detained at Harwich by a storm. He was so troubled with the affairs of the nation that he tossed, turned and groaned in his bed, unable to get to sleep.

At last his confidential servant, who had won Whitelock's respect and confidence through his faithfulness and good sense on many a trying occasion, ventured to say, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Do you not think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly I do," said Whitelock.

"And," continued the servant, "do you not think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"To be sure He will," responded the master, promptly.

"Then, sir, excuse me, but may you not trust Him to govern it the little while you are to live in it?"

Whitelock made no reply to this pertinent question, but he turned over and was soon asleep; and on his return he repeated the story of this bit of advice with much appreciation.

Willing to do His Part.

"And now will somebody in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a cavalry sword?" asked the professor of magic, stepping to the front of the stage and rubbing his hands in pleasant anticipation.

There was no response.

The professor repeated his request.

Same result.

"I am sorry," he said at last, after waiting several minutes, "that I shall be unable to perform my advertised feat of swallowing a sword; but you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not my fault. I will now proceed with the wonderful performance of the magic egg-bag."

The Kootenai Mining Country

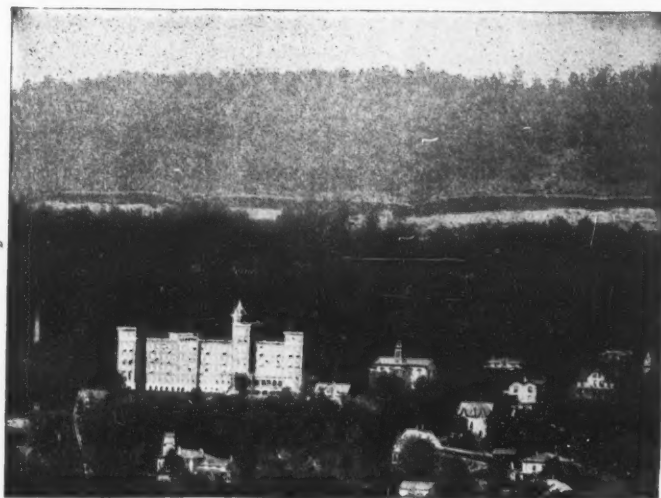
covers an area of 10,000 square miles. The Great Northern Railway has issued a map and description of the entire district. Sent free to any address by H. G. McMicken, 2 King street east, Toronto.

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IN BICYCLES AND
WATCHES FOR
SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

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Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure, electricity administered by skilled attendants. A staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class. Superior cuisine directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking health or rest. Address—J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D., Secretary, Box 1897, Dansville, N. Y.

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Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 4454

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MASSAGE—Mr. & Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook
Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
394 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1286.

MASSAGE—MISS JENNER, graduate of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Eng. is open to all nursing engagements. Telephone 3810.
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J. ADAMS, M.D., Homoeopathic Con-
sulting Physician and Medical Electrician, 12 St. Patrick St. Hours: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Diseases of the Blood, Consumption and Tumors.

DR. E. M. COOK
Throat and Lungs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Catarrh specially.
90 College street.

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TAN SHOES... BLACK SHOES



BLACHFORD
Spring foot-wear of all kinds for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. New Coin Toes in the newest shades. Very best stock in the city to select from.

H. & C. BLACHFORD, 83 to 89 King Street East

THE STRAND CAFE, 8 Adelaide Street East. Nothing in stock for our friends and patrons but the choicest in liquors and cigars. Cozy smoking rooms and cafe. E. J. EVANS, Proprietor.

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MRS. J. PHILP

Infants' Outfits from \$10.
Ladies' Trousseau to order.
Children's Dresses from 50c.
Small Children's Clothing
All kinds to order.
6 College Street

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West

Has just received a choice assortment of Parisian and American Novelties Also the newest designs in

HATS and BONNETS

Artistic Dressmaking

and Ladies' Tailoring

Also Latest Novelties in Spring Millinery Veilings, Flowers, Etc. Etc.

French Millinery Emporium

57 King Street West (opp. Mail Office)

MRS. A. BLACK, (MGR.)

MISS M. DOYLE

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA

THE Madison Square Opera Company have produced Gilbert & Sullivan's popular opera, Pinafore, at the Toronto Opera House this week. It was undoubtedly the best performance the company has yet given. The Pirates of Penzance, which is perhaps a superior thing musically, went flat in comparison with this week's production. There is more of the broader kind of fun in Pinafore, and fun can't be too broad to suit the general public. Al Leech got a chance to introduce some of his clever dancing, and the house woke up instantly. The scenery was better than has yet been put on. That is another point the general public is quick to observe. Pinafore is so well known to everybody that both singers and orchestra couldn't help but display a boldness and liveliness that formed a strong contrast to some of their work in the Pirates. Comic opera is all right, but the best of it will fall like an unseasoned pancake if the soloists have to be prompted, while one half the chorus has a hazy idea of the notes and the other half testotally forgets the words. But everybody knew Pinafore and it went with a swing.

Gus Thomas made a pleasing Ralph, having a manly air and a very fair tenor voice, Warwick Ganor as the Captain was fairly satisfactory. He has the Robert Mantell stride and stalked around H.M.S. Pinafore in a way that must have loosened the planks of the deck and started the seams from stem to stern. Frank David as Sir Joseph was first-rate, his make-up being good and his acting clever. Al Leech as Dick Deadeye was also good. He is a decidedly versatile comedian, and if he and his style of fun could have the leading part the gallery would be jammed every night. Tom Whyte, the Sergeant of Marines, with never a word to say, was very ludicrous and mirth-provoking. But of the men I liked the boat-swain as well as any, though his name wasn't on the programme. He acted and made-up well, and sang capital, his part of the song He is an Englishman being especially well done. Beatrice Goldie as Josephine was very taking, her part in the Bell trio with the Captain and Sir Joseph being well sung and well acted.

Lea Redmonde as Little Buttercup was also very good, especially in her duet with the captain. Things are seldom what they seem, and her solo, I'm Called Little Buttercup, Jenny Eddy as Hebe was all right. The chorus girls looked and sang well, the men looked handsome and sang well—in short, I feel very charitably disposed towards this performance, having other shows we get at the Toronto and the prices of the institution in view. If I were the general public I'd come up this week and spend my money on Toronto Opera House tickets like a little man.

The return visit of The Geisha is proving a very good race week attraction at the Grand Opera House. In view of the fact that this production was here such a short time ago, it is not necessary for me to say much about it now. Those who missed it before should not let this opportunity of seeing the opera that won so much favor in London, go by unimproved.

Here is the way that Pick-Me-Up expresses the sentiments of three English playwrights: "Why has the British drama sunk to zero?" Ask Messrs. Jones and Grundy and Pinerio. "French farces, fit for 'Arry's Easter Monday, Why are they liked?" ask Jones, Pinerio, Grundy. "What charm for their vulgarity atones?" They are not by Pinerio, Grundy, Jones!

The experiment of summer opera at the Toronto Opera House will probably be abandoned after this week. Pinafore is being well staged and sung this week, and, as a finisher, will leave a good impression. The fact seems to be that the theatrical season ends in April and opens in September in Toronto, and it is useless to attempt to prolong the season. Possibly the experience of the Toronto Opera House this month contains the further lesson that the people who want the best comic operas at cheap prices have really no desire for comic opera at all. I have always regarded the opera, whether comic or grand, as an acquired taste, like the appetite for olives.

All the newspapers from St. Louis to San Francisco appear to have mutually agreed to undertake the task of breaking the pride of Miss Maxine Elliott, whom Toronto theatergoers will recall as an unusually pretty actress.

The charge against her is that she bases her entire reputation on her looks and does not attempt to act. Miss Elliott is leading lady with Nat Goodwin. The papers state that Miss Elliott responds to criticism by putting on the stage, and altogether the quarrel between the press and the lady is a singular one.

William Jennings Bryan, the defeated candidate for the Presidency of the United States, will lecture on Binetallism in Massey Music Hall on Friday evening of next week, June 1. He comes here under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias. There was perhaps never a more conspicuous figure in the presidential race in the United States than Mr. Bryan. The truth of this is only apparent after one reflects upon the fact that he was almost nameless until by a burst of eloquence at the nominating convention he won the candidature, and then for weeks held the ear of the whole world while he advocated the cause of Free Silver. The man and the cause were beaten, but the great interest which Canadians felt in the man has not at all abated. We do not so readily forget a man as do our cousins across the border, and I am sure that Massey Music Hall will not hold the crowd that will greet Bryan—not necessarily to endorse his theories, but to hear them fairly stated and to judge of the man whose name, in the past twelve months, has filled the earth. On this page I give a portrait of Mr. Bryan, which is said to be an excellent likeness. He will arrive in Toronto at 12:30 on June 1.

Dr. Hal Newton Carlyle began a series of four Wednesday morning readings at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday morning of this week. On Wednesday morning, June 2, Dr. Carlyle will give readings from Browning and Howells.

Yvette Guilbert was married a couple of weeks ago to Dr. Max Schiller of New York. Dr. Schiller is quite a musician, and practiced medicine in Berlin before coming to America. It is understood that it was he who induced Guilbert to agree to give up vaudeville for the legitimate stage and make her debut in Paris as Camille.

Under the Red Robe, a dramatization of Weyman's most artistically perfect historical novel, has just closed its remarkably successful run at the Empire Theater, New York. It is still running in London. We may hope to see it at the Grand Opera House here next season.

Four companies will go on the road next season playing My Friend From India. When this piece was here this season it fell flat and played to almost empty houses, but as I said at the time, it was apparent to all that the fault lay in the company and not in the piece.

The many friends of Miss Jessie Alexander will be glad to learn that she is rapidly regaining her health in the balmy air of Ventnor, on the Isle of Wight.



SPORT

HE races at the Woodbine have quite eclipsed in interest everything else in the way of sports during the past week. The weather for the most part has been good, and this has been a pleasant change from the ill-luck of the race meet in some recent seasons, when rain has poured down as if in malice. The race which attracts the most widespread interest is the Queen's Plate (although the real horsemen are more concerned in other events), and this season Mr. Seagram, M.P., had a run for his money. Wicker, owned by Miss Jones of Brockville, made a gallant run of it, and forced Mr. Seagram's Ferdinand, with Bon Ino within the length of a whip handle in case of accident, to lower the record in winning. It was a superb contest. For seven years Mr. Seagram has won the Queen's Plate, and a win by Miss Jones would have been immensely popular. It is said that Miss Jones has an entry for the plate next year and will attempt to put an end to the victorious career of Mr. Seagram, who, possibly, by this time, relies upon Her Majesty's guineas as so much assured income each year. Some fast work was done in some of the races during the week, and there were enough surprises in the results to make things interesting for those who bet. As a display of beauty and fashion the spring meeting at the Woodbine takes rank as the leading event in Toronto.

The Torontos came nearer to playing lacrosse in big league form on Monday afternoon than they have done for three years. If Butler can get up and move a little faster, and handle his stick to a little more purpose, the Torontos will have a home that will be hard to beat, for Moran, Burns, Nolan and Smith played beautifully. It may be necessary to make one or two changes in the defence field, and the Torontos will be in the game once more. Guthrie is a success, and it is needless to say that he is a big one. Guthrie, Moran and Burns were, perhaps, the stars of the team on the holiday. The team, from start to finish, quite out-played the Montreals, even in the first game which was won by the Easterners. The latter played good lacrosse, but it must be borne in mind that it was not the style of thing put up by the Capitals and Shamrocks. There was too much running on both sides and too much erratic passing, yet the satisfactory feature of the game to Toronto people was the patent fact that the local men were capable of team play of a strong sort, and individually were the stuff of which winning teams are made. Even without making one change in the team, these twelve men could be trained, played and encouraged into doing the best of work, and if any changes are to be made they should go into effect at once so that the men will know that they are not

There is to be a chess tournament at Orillia very soon, and it promises to be a great success. I see by the Packet that the following players have already notified the secretary that they will take part: Mr. Saunders of the Athenaeum Club, Toronto; Messrs. Davison and Goldstein, of Disette's Chess Circle, Toronto; Mr. Davies of the Heather Club, Montreal; Mr. Germain



HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Who Lectures in Massey Music Hall Next Week.

training in May to sit in the grand stand in July and August.

The opening games at home of the Toronto Eastern League team have shown that Manager Irwin has not secured pitchers who can throw pennant winning curves. In nearly every game played so far it has been necessary to make a change of pitchers before the end of the game. The man who cannot keep up his gait for nine innings should take severe practice with dumb-bells. I think the team might win with the pitchers used, if there was good "team play" instead of nine men in the field each trying to shine on his own hook. As Soxalexis remarks, in beautiful Choctaw, a man shouldn't care a rap how he ranks so long as his team wins. In one game on the holiday, thirteen of Irwin's men were left on bases. It seems to me that second and third bags are weak spots in the team, but more than all, the men fail to put up team play and seem to forget that there are nine men on each side. After playing a few times on the new diamond at Hanlan's Point, the home team should become expert in knocking out home runs over the right field fence. The accommodation for the public is of the very best, and it is claimed that six thousand people saw Monday afternoon's game. The boat service after the matches must be improved or the experiment of Island ball will fail. Last Saturday just as the crowd came out of the grounds the ferry left the wharf without a load, and I had to wait fifteen or twenty minutes for the next boat. At six o'clock in the evening when one is in a hurry to get home, this is somewhat annoying and is sure to deter people who are not baseball "cranks" from going so far to see the games.

Cricket may be said to have begun for the season on the Queen's Birthday, for, although several games were played earlier, it was only on May 24 that clubs everywhere in the province played opening fixtures. The annual game between Toronto and Trinity was won by the college men by 129 to 97. P. C. Goldingham (41) and Mossion Boyd (22) were the only Toronto men who succeeded in making a stand against the bowling of W. H. Cooper and Fleet. The pro. was in excellent form, not only with the ball, but in batting, for, going in at the fall of the third wicket, he carried out his bat for 34. Messrs. Bedford-Jones (34) and White (26) were the other batsmen who scored well for Trinity. The Toronto men on going in a second time saw no likelihood of the innings being finished, and so the batting order was not arranged with any care, and some of the men departed. The bowling of Messrs. McLaughlin and Cooper was so good, however, that seven wickets were soon down for 25 runs, and the three missing batsmen might possibly have been disposed of before the call of time had been on hand. As it is, the College men won a most signal victory over the Torontos. The eleven from the Royal Military College, Kingston, were beaten by Trinity on Saturday last, but on Monday defeated Varsity. In the Saturday game W. E. Dean for Trinity made a score of 50. James Edwards of the Junction team, playing against Brampton on the holiday, also made 50. This player has opened the season by bowling extra well. W. R. Wadsworth in Saturday's game against R.M.C. scored 42, and it is to be hoped that he will resume his prominent place in local cricket this season. J. M. Laing was a notable absentee from the ranks of the Torontos on Monday, and this, if it bears any relation to rumors that Mr. Laing contemplates removal from the city, is the worst item of cricket news that could be published. Without this phenomenal bowler a Canadian eleven would be anything but formidable—unless other phenoms. develop with rapidity. Parkdale won a game at the New Fort on Saturday and another at North Toronto on Monday. The team has been strengthened by the increased speed and skill of F. S. Chambers' bowling, together with the retention of all the players of last year.

Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

of the Cercle St. Denis, Montreal; Messrs. Naraway, Hales and Andrews of Ottawa; Mr. Spencer of Winnipeg, Mr. Hay of Barrie, Mr. Judd of Hamilton, and the chess editors of the Montreal Gazette and Witness. This of itself would make a fairly representative gathering, says the Packet, but we hope that several leading chess players, notably Dr. Boulton, of Toronto; Mr. Kitson, of Hamilton, and Mr. Fish and Mr. Short of Montreal, may yet be prevailed upon to come. The Orillia club's players will be chosen by the committee.

It is not rumored that Managers Irwin and Maddock have agreed to let their hair grow until they pull their teams out of the tail-end places they hold in the Eastern and Canadian leagues respectively. How these senseless rumors get into circulation is a mystery.

THE UMPIRE.



A well-known scorcher.—Bazar.

Publishing Notes.

Mr. James A. Tucker, who made a name as the leader of the rebellion at Toronto University two years ago, and afterwards graduated at Leland Stanford University, California, has been for some time on the staff of the Owen Sound Times, and last week, along with J. Cousby, Jr., purchased the Owen Sound Sun, of which Mr. Tucker is now the editor. Many people who noted his career at 'Varsity and his literary work expect much of Mr. Tucker.

Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw has accepted an editorial position on the Rat Portage News, and will write a series of articles for that paper descriptive of the lake country and mining districts.

Which Road?

Chicago Herald.

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?
Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough was most gradually blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

The Barnums of Business.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Hamilton asks me to point out that when a fire occurs in one store in the center of a block there are opportunities of confining it to the place where it originates, but when the whole block is occupied as one departmental store, and without solid fire walls dividing it into parts, it is almost impossible to stop it until the whole thing is consumed. Moreover, when a whole block goes up in flames, there is created such a heat that buildings even at a distance are threatened.

Those who have viewed the scene of the John Eaton Company fire will have noticed that while the whole store was reduced to ashes—and leaving very little substantial debris—yet the flames stopped at the first brick wall that opposed them to the south and again to the west. The fire ate up the store in all its branches, but with all its fury it was unable to penetrate or overleap the brick walls that divided the departmental store from the legitimate place of business that adjoined it on the south side.

It is not only fair, but it is a positive duty to point out that departmental stores should be required to pay a higher rate of insurance than ordinary stores. I am not urging this in the interests of the insurance companies, which can be safely trusted to recoup themselves for any losses they may sustain, but in the interests of other property owners who pay insurance. If one man escapes the payment of an insurance rate rightly proportioned to the danger of fire under which he operates, other men are forced, by an inevitable law, to pay more than they should. People talk as if money paid in the shape of insurance after a fire came from the insurance companies, but the fire losses of the city are charged against the city; and the policy holders of Toronto, either before a fire or after it, have to put up every dollar of such money. If it is true, as stated, that the fire losses of 1897 so far exceed the amount collectable in premiums in twelve months, it will follow that the insurance companies will assiduously apply themselves to the task of balancing the account.

Robert Simpson's store was wiped out by fire last year and now the John Eaton store has gone. What effect have those two fires had upon the insurance rates in Toronto? What effect will those fires have upon the rates for the next five years? However we may multiply our appliances for fighting fires, can we ever so equip our brigade that a rambling departmental store, with a conflagration blazing somewhere in the center of it, can be saved, as an ordinary block of stores can be saved by confining the flames to the one store where they begin? There is little hope that we can do it. If it could be done, the cost of doing it would come out of the tax-payers; yet the departmental stores do not pay a fair share of the taxes, and they are reducing the total assessment of the city and damaging tax-payers in a dozen ways. On the other hand, if it cannot be done; if, every time there is a fire in a departmental store, it is an utter loss, are the other policy holders of the city to go on paying high rates to reimburse the insurance companies for such losses?

It is almost amusing to see how helpless and inert the people are in regard to their rights. The City Council never seems to realize that it has any duties to perform other than the historical and routine duties that have been performed by successive generations of aldermen. For ten years departmental stores have been building up businesses in Toronto and taking advantage of conditions that they found ready to hand, yet the aldermen of Toronto have as yet found no occasion for taking even the slightest recognition of the revolutionary changes that have occurred.

Mr. William Harley Porter of the Toledo Journal, accompanied by Mrs. Porter, was in the city this week securing information as to the Toronto campaign against departmental stores, his paper having undertaken to unmask the institutions of that class in Toledo. Mr. Porter has just returned from Chicago, where he investigated the big stores, and he everywhere finds them conducted along the same lines, using the same artifices and gradually nearing the same result—monopoly.

At a meeting of the wholesale druggists and makers of patent medicines, held in Toronto last week, a resolution was adopted agreeing that a clause shall be inserted in all contracts with newspapers, stipulating that in case any medicine is advertised by a departmental store in any newspaper at less than regular prices, the contract made by the proprietor of that medicine with that newspaper shall at once cease. This is a good thing. Anything that will cause the proprietors of newspapers to scan the departmental store advertisements in their own columns, will have a good effect.

The Evening Star says: A clergyman living in Woodstock recently bought a bicycle from a departmental store in Toronto, paying \$90 for it. When he got it home he learned that he could have saved \$15 by buying the same wheel in Woodstock.

Another case reported by the Star is worth reproducing, because it will greatly astonish those who have not investigated the bargain business for themselves. It contains no surprise whatever for those who understand the game. The Star says:

A Paris, Ont., family wanted a bible, and the head of the house procured one from a local dealer for \$3, and took it home to his wife, who was pleased with it, but thought she would like to spend more money and get a better book. So she returned the bible to the local merchant and sent to a Toronto departmental store for a \$6 book, which she selected from the store's catalogue. When the bible arrived she found, to her surprise, that it was exactly the same edition, same paper, same binding, and by the same publisher as the one she could procure for \$3 from the dealer in her own town.

Let us suppose that that lady had not had a view of the \$3 bible sold by the local store. She would, no doubt, have believed the catalogue and exhibited her \$6 purchase as a great bargain. When a few stores get a big crowd of people in the habit of dealing exclusively with them, they can make profits such as the legitimate dealers, whose prices are governed by values, could never dare ask. MACK.

"Off Days," or A Summer Warning

THE SAD STORY OF A JOLLY HOLIDAY.

WHEN finding a number of "off days" at your disposal, you very often get inspired with the idea that in order to properly enjoy them it is necessary to get away from everything established and seek the novelties to be found elsewhere. To do so you must of course travel, and the thoughts of getting out of town make you overlook tiresome railway journeys, trunk packing, and the general preparations which must prelude all anticipated pleasure.

If you should be young and inexperienced, it may cause you some alarm before your departure to find yourself extremely well and strong. You begin by feeling concerned if your skin is a little bit ruddy, because you would like to look slightly paler than usual; perhaps that observers and friends might notice when you had returned how nicely browned you had got from exposure. And then again, when it is all over, you don't mind having a little skin off your nose here and there, for this tells the tale as well as you could, and signifies at once that you have been away.

Now, as if this was not enough, you must start to talk about your proposed trip many weeks before you are ready to start, and tell everybody of your prospective vacation. "Yes, Oh, yes; certainly," you say with confidence, "I'll do some fishing; I would never think of going away without my rod and line. Why, it's half the holiday."

I have been through all the summer experiences common to the Canadian young man, and have been through them so often that I find myself getting more hardened each year. The time was when I could have gone away, slept on iron nails, fed on dried apples, with cold-water sauce, and still have been able to come back again with strength enough to lie roundly about the splendid time I had had. But that period has passed. I am now a man, and with the advent of maturity has come the exodus of fabrication, as I now speak the truth.

Let me relate calmly of a summer trip I once endured, and more particularly of one of the hotels I stopped at when I first began to take holidays. I should be careful to state at the outset that it was only one of them, for I doubt if there is another like it to be found elsewhere. The owner in choosing a name for his hostelry had dignified it by an attractive and euphonious choice, which we withhold for his sake, as he is a married man; moreover, he called his home a hotel. He was not mistaken in choosing this pseudonym; he could not claim that he was misinformed; he simply lied. It may have appeared as a large-sized house on the letter-heads, and lying in this form will bear mitigation, but it was as much like a hotel as the writer is like the Prince of Wales, and there is no royal blood in me.

The owner of the aforesaid mansion in the skies (for it was built on a hilltop) was an Englishman, who had come over in the "sixties" and brought his dialect with him, giving it as an heritage to his sons and daughters. (Just what shire gave him his dialect I don't know, but he prized and kept it). He was well advanced in years, rather tall and slim, with a long body and legs to match, a pair of weak knees, which, it occurred to me, corresponded well with his intellect. His beard was long and grizzly, and he seemed to be continually looking down at it with those small peevy eyes of his, which only opened wide enough to let their owner see out occasionally, and then, as if afraid of taking cold, went in again for shelter. His speech was like his movements, slow and drawing, and added to his peculiar dialect it made him queer indeed. I had looked for a short, portly, bustling man, with a sparkling eye, a heavy mustache, and a short, fat arm, but saw what I have described, and the comparison was odious.

When the boat came up to the wharf at 4.30 in the afternoon I became aware that I was the only unfortunate to get off at Balmy Point. Before I knew where I was I found myself on the wharf, my luggage beside me, and the boat steaming off in a mean sort of way heading out for the lake. I looked around and around, but could see no one. Right in front of me was a flight of steps very wide indeed, and deceptive too, as I found out before getting half-way up. Mounting slowly I reached the top and took another look around, but still saw no one. The view was very grand indeed, but I did not think much of the prospect, that is, of my prospect. It was raining sharply and I began to get anxious; by and by I heard a shuffling of feet, and the form of him I have described emerged from the barn. He came straight towards me, shuffling along with his head down, and not raising it until he had come near enough to observe me closely. He took a mud-colored clay pipe from his mouth, opened his eyes as far as he could with convenience, and then addressed me as follows:

"Be yew the young man from Toronto, ser?"

"Yes," I replied respectfully, "I am."

"Ah!" he said slowly, "we thawt ye'd kum; we were expectin' ye."

"Yes, sir," I replied, still respectfully, "so you were saying. It's a good thing I came, or you might have been disappointed."

He didn't notice this last remark, but went on.

"Rather chillsome day fer yew young city lads," he resumed, after looking me over again; "yew don't look strong, ser." It was his age that saved him; I did not reply.

Without any further comment he turned right about and moved in the direction of the house. I wasn't any fonder of the rain then than I am now, so I followed him in. He went straight through to the kitchen and I trailed him, with the rain dripping off me in dotted lines on the floor. When he reached the kitchen he opened the door slowly and drawled out to someone inside:

"I say theer, Annie, 'ave ye gawt the room ready fer this young man?"

"Neow, I 'aven't, fawther, nawt yet; ware is 'ee?" and a slim-looking female with a hungry glance and a listless eye here poked her head out to look at me. She was not frightened any by my stern gaze, for she said quite boldly:

"Dew yeh want to grow upstairs neow?"

"Well, I'd like to if you don't mind," I

answered quite meekly; "I feel rather moist."

"Oh, I don't mine," she replied, "only the bed ain't made yet, nor the room tidied."

The old man had disappeared while I was talking with his inspired daughter, so I had nothing to do but accept the escort of this untidy female. We went upstairs and she led me along the hallway, whence I followed her into a room as barren as the house itself, wherein was an unmade bed with the clothes scattered around it on the floor, the most depressing spectacle I had ever seen. She started in to straighten things up, and as I had nothing else to do I sat down on the window-sill in preference to the floor, and watched this queen of housekeepers make the bed. I noticed when she gave the mattress a rather heavy pull to one side, something like sawdust fell on the floor, but I was in no mood for criticism and said nothing. In course of time she reached that part of her work where the bolster and pillows are put on. Turning about slowly she said in a stupid sort of way:

"Dew ye loike yer 'ed 'igh, ser?"

"Well, yes," I replied in a surprised way, "I do like it high, but I never use a check rein."

She didn't seem to understand my attempt at sarcasm, and this making me braver I said right on top of it:

"Say, when will supper be ready, eh?"

Her reply made me clammy, wet as I then was. "Well, the keows gawt lost this mornin', and ain't been found yet; we ain't had no butter nor milk all day."

This was the first time I heard that cows were milked and butter made under the same sunlight, but I was no authority then, and simply believed her as she spoke, for she looked truthful.

"Dear me," I said anxiously, "that's very sad, indeed. Could you tell me of any place I might go to now, if I went right away from here?"

"Neow, I don't neow of any place," she answered, not in the least astounded; "yew'll 'ave to wait 'er till the boat kums agen in the mornin'."

"All right," I said resignedly. "Go ahead with that coffin."

When the bell rang for supper I did not go down. I had been out in the meantime and caught a glimpse of the table, and my appetite fled. What I saw I dare not recall. Next morning I left the place. In bidding adieu to the proprietor, I expressed my dissatisfaction in outspoken terms. He opened his eyes wider than usual in an endeavor to look at me squarely, and I could see that he was considerably displeased at what I had said. He had evidently thought I was going to stay all summer.

"Well, we didn't arsk ye teh kum 'eer, did we?" he drawled, after a pause.

"No, you did not," I answered. "If you had, I'd sue you for misrepresentation and false pretences."

"Ah! would you?" he said enquiringly. "Maybe you're a law student, then?"

"No, I'm not," I replied, "but that's got nothing to do with it. Why don't you keep a first-class hotel? Why don't you put on some style?"

"Ah! that's it," he chuckled, "that's it; why don't we? We don't 'av' to, that's it; we don't 'av' to," and he smiled with satisfaction. If he had been open to conviction I should have had it out with him then and there, but he was not. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to shut his eyes to anything.

So I left the place, and the old man and his languid-looking daughter, and the unfortunate guests, who looked on me as one departing from exile, leaving them to fill out their dreary time in solitude, and I thanked the spirit which prompted me to take board by the day. Had I been quartered there for the usual two weeks, this tale would never have been told.

Ten miles away was another hotel, true to its name; there I went, and from that time till the end of my holidays, which came far too soon, I knew only of joy, peace and happiness supreme.

Toronto, May, '97. FRANK G. SMITH.

The Burial of Grant.

New York, August 8, 1885.

I. Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
Once more from roaring cannon, and the drums,
And bugles blown at morn the summons comes;
Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar:
Once more your Captain calls to you;
Come to his last review!

II. And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,
Ye who flame heavenward from the embattled field;
And ye whose harder fate it was to yield
Life from the faithful prison or anguished bed:
Dear ghosts! come join your comrades here
Beside this sacred bier.

III. Nor be ye absent, ye immortal band—
Warriors of ages past, and our own age,
Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,
Made war that peace might live in all the land,
Nor ever struck one venal blow,
But helped the fallen foe.

IV. And fail not ye,—but, ah, ye falter not
To join his army of the dead and living,—
Ye who once felt his might, and his forgiving;
Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote.
For all his countrymen make room
By our great hero's tomb!

V. Come, soldiers,—not to battle as of yore,
But come to weep; ay, shed your noblest tears,
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more.
How long grim Death he fought and well,
That poor, lean frame doth tell.

VI. All's over now; here let our Captain rest,
Silent amid the bare of praise and blame;
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame;
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,
And where our sons his tomb may see
To make them brave as he;

VII. As brave as he—he on whose iron arm
Our Greatest leant, our gentlest and most wise;
Leant when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the state,
And made it free and great.

R. W. GILDER.

A Ghost.

"My instructions are to haunt this house and I'm going to haunt it."

The words of the ghost were peremptory and he evidently meant what he said, and there was apparently no alternative before the maid servant but to give the customary shriek, fall in the time-honored faint and leave the passage clear for the visitor to walk upstairs.

Outside the wind howled among the pines in the most pathetic manner imaginable, and the soft swish of the leaves as they rustled against each other broke ever and anon on the awful silence of the night in the manner described by the poets. In fact, (for this is a realistic story), without going into details it may be said that everything was exceedingly weird and quite in the manner required for occasions of this kind; e. g., the wind moaned and sighed alternately; the moon hid behind the clouds; the sweet and shining stars did ditto; the air was somewhat close and sulphuric, presaging a coming storm; the house was still, and calm, and quiet, and everything else was likewise, and the fire burnt low on the hearth and the ghost walked upstairs and the clock struck twelve (not because it had any prejudice in favor of that hour, but because it was wound up).

The Ghost strode solemnly into the study and stood in grim and awful silence before the recumbent form of the Editor, who was dozing in his chair before the fire, dreaming of facts for the next issue and occasionally sighing as his conscience spoke to his soul. (An editor never sleeps at the same time as his conscience, which only gets in its work after office hours.)

"Wake," groaned the Ghost.

The Editor woke and glared stonily at the visitor.

"Busy—very busy," he muttered absently. "Leave it on the table."

"Leave nothing on the table," said the Ghost indignantly. "I have no verses with me. I am dead."

"Don't matter," said the Editor grimly. "You must take your chance with the rest."

"I am dead, I tell you," cried the Ghost. "I am not the Canadian author—I am his ghost."

"They look very much the same," said the Editor apologetically. "When did you die?"

"An hour ago," said the Ghost gloomily; "and you know the reason why, dark fiend."

"You know the reason why?"

"Starvation?" said the Editor suggestively. "They generally go off that way."

"No—suicide," said the Ghost severely. "I anticipated starvation by an hour and put a bullet in my brain."

"You hit a soft spot," said the Editor, "and, by the way, you must be a good marksman. I fired at a Canadian poet for two hours one day and couldn't touch his brain."

"You lacked the literary faculty," said the Ghost; "the fine intuitive power that detects genius at a glance."

"No, I didn't need that," said the Editor, "but I needed a microscope."

"Enough, dark fiend!" said the Ghost. "I am not the ghost of a humorist and cannot see thy jokes. Knowest thou why I have died?"

"Creditors?" suggested the Editor.

"Nay! I could get no credit," said the Ghost sadly; "and I sold my library—and I blew out my brains."

"The loss of your brains will not affect your literary status in Canada," said the Editor thoughtfully, "but the loss of your library is fatal, for unless you can echo the thoughts of the dead you will never be a great Canadian poet. When an English author dies, he comes to Canada and lives again in an attenuated, colonial way in the spirits of our poets. This is the land of echoes and ghosts—but did you blow out all your brains?"

"All but my memory," said the Ghost.

"Then you have a future yet in Canada—but if you preserved your imagination, your future lies abroad and—"

"Why, I have just come from abroad," said the Spirit. "I am the ghost of an Englishman."

"Is it possible?" cried the Editor cordially.

"Welcome, old chap, welcome—welcome—welcome."

"Please don't be so—familiar," said the Ghost. "Ghosts are not accustomed to being talked to like that. What's the good of dying if you can't be treated with respect?"

"With every respect—with every respect—we will treat you in Canada," cried the Editor enthusiastically, "for you are not dead at all."

"I am the ghost of an English poet."

"Or in other words you are a Canadian poet."

Welcome, thrice welcome to the land of ghosts and shadows, where every echo is an inspiration and intellectual graves give up their dead to be the idols of Canadian literature. I feared you were some poor local devil who had written something original and died of starvation. A Canadian like that has a great future before him—after he dies."

CAIUS CROSS.

Toronto, May, '97.

A New Idea in Dining.

A NEW thing has come upon New York, and the swagger set has been quick in taking it up. It is a dinner party, the different courses of which are given at different restaurants. The idea originated with Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart of Gotham's best society. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart recently gave a dinner, the cards of which read for the Grosvenor, an ultra fashionable hotel. First the oysters came, then the soup and fish, and then came consternation. Mr. Stewart gravely announced that the waiters had struck, and that if they would further eat they must go elsewhere. So the guests arose and left the decorated scene of interrupted revelry and proceeded to the Martin, where, amid a perfect bloom of jonquils, the entrees made their appearance in a most delightful manner. But here came consternation number two—the roasts at the Martin had almost entirely given out, and there was not sufficient quantity to feed the guests, so off went the party to Delmonico's, where the desired want was supplied with satisfaction. It was then the diners began to suspect that something new was being tried on them, though the host warded all questions artfully. When Delmonico declared he could not serve a party of the size with salad, and when Mr. Stewart announced that he knew of a restaurant where a good substitute could be obtained, they all caught on, and entered into the spirit of the thing. They left Delmonico's and soon found themselves in the Chinese quarter, in the solitary restaurant of which that place can boast, where they were served with chop-suey, the oddest substitute for salad ever heard of. But they ate the stuff, and soon continued their pilgrimage for dessert, which they found at the Waldorf in the midst of twenty thousand violets.

The Englishman's Guest.

WHAT seems to some a curious phase of English hospitality is explained by George W. Smalley in the current *Harper's*. In the course of a delightful article on Country-House Life in England, he says: "Complaints used to be heard in times past that Englishmen—some few of them—who had been well received in America had treated their American hosts coldly in England. There may have been such cases. The best society is not perfect, nor always entirely free from black sheep. But my conjecture would be that in most cases there had been a misunderstanding or misapprehension, and that this misapprehension was on the part of the American. One of these complaints was made to me, the maker an American of such a position that it seemed most unlikely he should incur a slight. 'When A. was in America, he stayed with me on the Hudson. I gave him dinners in New York and letters to friends who did everything for him. I called on him here by his request. He has not offered me so much as a cup of tea, nor sent me an invitation of any kind.' I suggested that it was already the end of the London season, that I knew that

A. was leaving town and his town house closed, and I asked my irate friend whether he had not been asked to visit A. in Scotland. 'Asked? No, not asked. He just said, casually, he hoped I would let him know when I was coming to Scotland. You don't call that an invitation?' Nevertheless, that is precisely what it was meant to be, and was. It is the English way. The Englishman, I explained, as delicately as I knew how, never says a thing he does not mean, never emphasizes, often says less than he means, is never elaborate, not often ceremonious. 'He said to you exactly what he would have said to an intimate friend. He does not make allowance for your unacquaintance with English customs. He wants you to come, and if you do not, he will not understand why. Country-house life in Scotland is on easier terms than in England. You do not shoot, and therefore you are not asked to make one of a shooting-party for a fixed date. You are treated not as a gun, but as a friend. Propose yourself whenever it is convenient, and you will be welcomed.' I had used an unlucky phrase. 'Propose myself? Do you think I am going to ask A. to receive me as a guest? Again I had to explain. The phrase, though not perhaps very elegant, is conventional. If you say you are going to Scotland, the rejoinder is, 'Will you propose yourself to us?' For the convenience of both parties a fixed date is avoided, and for the convenience of both a date is named by the arriving guest a little later, and not long before his visit. If it prove inconvenient, the answer is, 'We are full on that date. Can you come a week later?' In this way visits are dove-tailed into each other; the host keeps his house full, and the guest arranges his route, or, as the phrase is, his round of visits, to suit himself."

The Destruction of Cherished Facts.

Jerome K. Jerome in To-day.

WISH that the learned people would leave me alone. I have a choice collection of facts, laboriously acquired during my youth. I did not love them when I acquired them, by reason of the laboriousness; but, for old associations' sake, I love them now. It turns out that they are not facts; they are not history; they are lies. The learned people have been there and made enquiries, and found out that my facts are all erroneous. Take the case of William Tell, of the Duke of Wellington, of Queen Eleanor. They never said, and never did, anything, apparently, that has been ascribed to them. There was Cataline. He was the boy's ideal of a bad man; and there are many boys who used to cherish a secret ambition to grow up like him. That has been quite knocked on the head now. Cataline was a very decent fellow, and Cicero was a vile traducer.

This kind of thing makes me nervous. One by one I see my historical possessions slipping away from me, and nothing seems secure. I shall be told to-morrow that William the Conqueror was not crowned in 1066. I shall even be asked to believe that George Washington could tell a lie, or that he did not do it with his little hatchet. It destroys the whole of one's confidence. One becomes positively reluctant to acquire any fresh facts. As soon as one has them well in hand, learned them by heart, and got to like them, down swoops scientific criticism and destroys them. There is the sad case of the atmosphere, for instance. It is not an easy thing for a youth to learn the component parts of the atmosphere, but I as a youth did it—under pressure. Now science has found out argon, and spoiled the whole thing.

Of course, I recognise the value of truth. But even truth must have its limits. It does me good to believe that the Duke of Wellington exclaimed, "Up guards, and at 'em!" The sentence is in itself an exhilarating moral tonic. Why should I have it taken from me on the paltry ground of accuracy, merely because—as it happened—the Duke of Wellington never said anything of the kind? This sort of thing can do no good to the late Duke, and it does me positive harm—it takes some of the glow off my patriotism. The learned people have plenty of other subjects in which they may take their intellectual exercise, but let them keep off these old traditions. They are slowly forcing me into a cynical belief that nothing which is interesting can possibly be true.

Useless to Wait.

Since the fact has been published that bundles left in trains are often picked up by dishonest passengers who make a practice of being among the last to leave the car, some disagreeable complications have arisen. Says the *Chicago Tribune*:

Two passengers sat facing each other as the train rolled into the station.

The aisle was full of suburbanites crowding toward the doors, but these two kept their seats. They were not in a hurry. Finally one of them spoke.

"It won't do you any good to wait, mister," she said. "I'm not goin' to forget this umbrella and walk out and leave it. I'm a little lame. That's why I don't crowd out with the rest of 'em."

With the look of an injured man the other passenger got up and made his way as rapidly as possible to the rear door.

No Memory for Names.

The family was discussing the opera season, when one member strove to recall the name of a certain composer.

"I can't remember it to save my life," she said, "although it is on my tongue's end. As near as I can remember his name is doorknob." "Doorknob," repeated one of the others. "There is no composer whose name sounds anything like that. I'll just run over a few names: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Haydn, Handel—"

"That's it," interrupted the forgetful one. "It's Handel. I knew it was something connected with the door."

Full of Promise.

Indianapolis Journal.

Wickwire—Have you been following Timmins' career lately? He has written several short articles full of promise.

Mudge—So have I, but I haven't been able to pay any of them yet.



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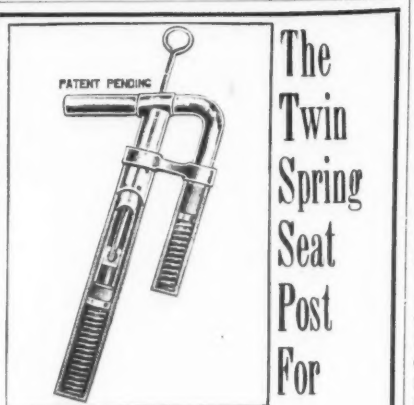
Anecdotal.

Professor Sellar once remarked to Matthew Arnold that Walrod was a good man. "Ah," returned Arnold, "we were all so good at Rugby." "Yes," retorted Sellar, "but he kept it up."

Charles II. was walking one day with very few attendants. His brother James remonstrated with him. "There is no danger," said Charles, "I am sure no man in England will take my life to make you King."

When Sir Walter Scott repeated Hohenlinden to Leyden, the latter commented: "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Sir Walter faithfully carried out his errand, and had for answer: "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation."

Sidney Smith said of the great Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." On one occasion, two fellows of the college, thinking to get beyond his range, read up the subject of Chinese metaphysics and then disputed about it in the doctor's presence. He listened in silence for a time, and then observed: "Ah, I



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see you have been reading a paper which I wrote for an encyclopedia of science."

After his return to Paris, M. Barrere, the French journalist, who had previously been under sentence of death, was one night at Madame Adam's, when General Gallifet was announced. The hostess hastened to present M. Barrere, saying to the Marquis, "Allow me, General, to introduce to you M. Camille Barrere, whom seven years ago you forgot to shoot." "I am sure I beg the gentleman's pardon!" replied the General, in his well known chivalrous manner. "I had no intention of slighting him, and I hope he will excuse what was purely an oversight."

While Mr. Tyler was President of the United States he arranged to make an excursion in some direction, and sent his son to arrange for a special train. The railroad superintendent happened to be a strong Whig, and as such, not wishing to bestow any favors on Tyler, he informed young Tyler that his road did not run any special trains for the President. "What!" said young Tyler, "did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father here in the same condition, you shall have the best train on the road."

Did you ever hear of Her Majesty's pun? The Queen, when Princess Victoria, was one day reading Roman History to her noble preceptor, the Duchess of Northumberland. It happened to be the passage where a Roman lady, having visited Cornelia, "the mother of the Gracchi," after the custom of the time, displayed her casket of precious stones, and called upon the Roman matron to produce her jewels in return, when Cornelia brought forward her children, exclaiming, with maternal pride, "These are my jewels!" The little Princess here laid down the book, and looking up into the face of the Duchess, said, "Jewels! Now, I think they must have been Cornelian!"

George J. Romanes, the scientist, left a volume of reminiscences, containing stories of celebrities. One entry reads: "Dinner at the Spottiswoodes." Mr. Browning was there, and talked much about Victor Hugo. He mentioned that, when Wordsworth was told that Miss Barrett had married Mr. Browning, he replied, "It's a good thing these two understand each other, for no one else understands them." "A rector was asked to take the chair at a prayer meeting. One of his parishioners prayed as follows: 'O Lord, we had a sermon from our vicar yesterday, and we thank Thee for it because it was an able discourse; but we pray Thee to give him some idea of what the Gospel is!'"

Between You and Me.

OF all exasperating human creatures surely the person who comes gaily to crow over a defeated foe is the meanest. The consciousness of victory does not satisfy him; he must be given the chance of indulging in that ungracious pastime known as "rubbing it in." And he comes bursting with self-congratulation and triumph and his utterance has but four words, "I told you so," but they have a sting which his windiest arguments lacked aforesaid. Of such was the hero of a police court episode who went to crow over his defeated Sabbath observance friends and was chased out of bounds with indignation and a pitchfork, the barn-door implement for the confounding of the rooster who crowed in his neighbor's yard. The people have spoken, in no weak voice; let the people not forsake the speech of honest men for the cock-a-doodle-doo of the too vocal gentleman hen.

Cambridge won't give us degrees, and the decision not to honor the weaker sex was a distinct blow to the newly arrived woman. The city on the Cam was a fermenting jumble of rancor, posters, effigies and naughty words while the decision was pending. The new woman in bloomers was caricatured and advised to get her gone in unmistakable language, and various destinations were mentioned less tropical and more distinctly located than that usually suggested by less cultured and more brutal men. The curious dislike to the invasion of the halls of learning by females which animated the Cambridge students, has doubtless had its origin in the long contemplation of the divers weird and wonderful works of nature yeelped bed-makers who have for generations hoodooed the residents of the various colleges. Toronto is so far ahead of Cambridge in gallantry and chivalry in regard to this matter that we're feeling quite advanced and proud of ourselves this week.

A lady writes to me about women betting at the races, and some of her remarks seem rather strong. "You don't see nice, refined women down on the grass, standing with groups of men and making bets, probably with some disreputable creature whom they would never dream of looking at elsewhere," writes the good lady, who has evidently gotten her knowledge of the denizens of the members' enclosure from hearsay or the enchanting distance of the less exclusive grand stand. It is a great pity that godly and stay-at-home persons cannot be inclined to charity when lack of information is so evidently their handicap. I can say nothing more to the lady who demands that I write "something sharp and stinging" about women who bet. I am not betting this week, at least so I start off, but before Saturday I may be reduced to the pitch of borrowing a car ticket to get home, or demurely patting a fat pocket-book and considering whether I shall have a veranda on the house or a little run across for Jubilee week. Such things have happened before, and what has been may be, however good are my untried resolutions.

Forgiveness is my strong point, but there is one man whom I can never forgive, and Race week always makes me recognize the fact. Once upon a time I was presented with a ticket for a big pool, and drew a horse, whose name provoked a shout of laughter when I mentioned it. Never was such a guy of a beast, and my gratitude to the donor of the chance to win a lot of money was smothered by my mortification at the jeering remarks of my amused



"I hear the horse you bet on was the worst that ever happened."

"Worse than that. He didn't even take place."—N. Y. Truth.

comrades. When my horse won I was standing with my back to the track, intently listening to a recipe for some delectable home confection. The shouts of his name even did not reach me until congratulations began to overwhelm me. The veranda, a bicycle, (twas years ago!) a trip to Ireland, I had any one of them in my skirt pocket in five minutes. That race seemed to me an eminently delightful affair, but there were others! Bitten by some mad dog of impulse, I plunged, laid my pile upon a horse, which a man assured me was the winner, against the staunch nag which had won me my money. That is why I cannot forgive that man. He made me false to the noblest instinct I have. Ingratitude, thy name was ruin, that sweltering hot day, miles away from fair Toronto. With despairing eyes I saw the veranda tumbling about my ears, the bicycle coasting off into dim distance, the ocean trip sinking out of sight, and, chastened and bankrupt, I went to look for that man!

In spare moments I have had a rare time this week with Nansen's book. What a prince of a man! The answer to many a weakling in breeches who whines of life in pessimistic key and trifles power into weakness via the cigarette funnel. Even the newest of new women would be willing to obey such a master, and Mrs. Nansen needs be a very lovely female indeed to deserve his devotion. The Arctic regions have long fascinated the more daring spirits, those strong enough to appreciate the sacredness of solitude and wise enough to love nature in all her moods; and the voyage of the Fram (which means Onward) will hold spell-bound many a kindred soul who will travel with the long-headed, practical, courageous man who was her designer and moving spirit.

Wasn't that a killing little anecdote we heard from the pastor of St. Andrew's, about the naughty little Princess Royal and good Dr. Brown? The Prince Consort addressed the medico as "Brown," in man fashion, and those human little monkeys, the girl and boy of his family, followed his example. Mamma Victoria reprimanded her babies and gave them to understand they should be sent to bed if ever they omitted the respectful prefix. The doctor came. "Good morning, Brown!" said the Princess Royal; and after a moment's pause, "And good night, Brown," she added, and, gloriously self-willed, defying the gods to do their worst, she marched herself off to bed. I think it is the funniest story of a naughty little girl I ever heard, and the German Emperor comes honestly by one of his characteristics. LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HARRY B.—Pencil writing is never suitable for delineation. In any case, your enclosure is quite contrary to rules.

MRS. A. C.—Have just opened your letter. Will try to write to you and advise you in a few days. Sorry not to have done so before.

ITHACA No. 2.—Your study is quite inadmissible. The person might make a very true friend, but not one likely to aid you in progress to a higher life. That's all I can say.

JACK.—I have not read Thelma; haven't had time for Marie Correll since the year began; she doesn't always suit me. I am not a great reader; wish I had the brains to be. I fancy our ideas of what the means wouldn't chime. I really cannot delineate your writing a second time.

DONA.—It shows a good deal of character, but is apt to rely on others and be too easily influenced. You are susceptible, practical, appreciative and anxious for good results; caution is hinted at, and writer would be incapable of vulgarity or meanness. Honesty, truth and conscientious work are shown.

SHELLEY.—1. The dear four-leaved clover was welcome. 2. Your writing shows a good firm will, bright perception, some imagination and a generally easy, tactful and pleasing manner. You quietly

pursue your own aims, and generally succeed therein. Strength is not a very evident trait, but gentle pertinacity and a thoughtful and deliberate method, very complete and neat, are shown.

HYPATIA.—This is a feminine and very tenacious young person, apt to be touchy, though amiable, and rather erratic in temperament; of divers impulses, but not lacking in tact or sympathy. Some taste and a love of the beautiful are shown. Writer has bright thoughts but not well strung together. The disposition is toward the opposite sex, and the instincts sociable. It is a bright and rather attractive young dame.

ELAINE.—I am sorry you insist upon having the traits of an unformed character laid bare. What would be very serious faults in a matured study are only the natural little weaknesses of youth. However, as you're good enough to be content with a little, I may say that your writing shows care, finished purpose, amiability, hope, some ambition, a cheerful nature and a good deal of solid self-respect. It should develop well.

CURIOSITAS.—It resembles a man's more than a woman's, but not a particularly striking man. The tendency is to self-consciousness, some idea of posing and wish to produce a fine impression. The temperament is not hopeful, rather pessimistic, and you are apt to talk more than you think; at the same time an excellent method, neat and concise and good ability for affairs, with independence and much appreciation of the beautiful, are shown. The study lacks any marked evidence of original talent or a promise of much development. It may grow, however.

VESTA.—If Mr. Barrie could stand it I think we needn't worry. No doubt his picture of his mother has delighted many a true heart. I don't think many criticized and pulled Margaret Ogilvie to pieces, and she would not have minded their doing so one bit. As to your argument, my dear Vesta, I never argue. Life is too short and force too precious to spend in that way. 2. Your writing shows fine firm will and constant purpose, bright mentality, and a careful and finished method. You are candid, truthful, thoughtful and self-reliant, but you want ginger, my dear; just a trifle more snap.

NEXT.—I suppose you are revelling in the joys of London by this time, birthday jinks being just done with and jubilee jollifications just beginning. 2. Your writing is original, self-willed and somewhat touchy, but it is a strong, well-balanced and able study, apt to express decided individuality in the writer; you are much in earnest and emphatic in opinion, rather of affectionate disposition, appreciative and taking in manner. There is a possibility of crookedness in you which you must always guard against. It has been the wreck of many a life as fair as yours. Otherwise the study is fine and vital and very attractive.

SANDY.—Mon, I'm surprised at ye! Such a queer fellow. You are a touchy, sensitive, almost cranky creature, and you might be a stranger in a strange land, or else only a lonely soul who lives in a little cage of mistrust. I should be always afraid of hurting your feelings, only I don't suppose I'd know anything about it. You'd never tell! Oh you poor high-strung soul, at whom the brute world is always jibing. Never mind, you'll soon distance all that. You may be selfish, or only timid, no one stops to ask, and you cling to an idea, a point, a locality with the force of a limpet, dreading the evil you know less than the evil you don't know. You could love dearly, maybe you do; if so, don't be ashamed of it. Hope is yours through all the clouds, and you love beauty, and though your taste is queer, you have taste. Good old Sandy. There is a pulse in my heart for you, you Scotch thistle!

ANONYMOUS.—1. Every second correspondent asks the very same favor as you do. They are usually "just passing through the city" or "leaving shortly for abroad," and require their studies before a certain date. In fact, judging by the scores of letters which come to me with these tidings, our Canada must be filled with travelers and transients. 2. The studies you enclose have many traits in common, Carmen having the higher development, stronger nature and dominant character. Sylvia is the more conservative, self-conscious and reserved, though apparently the more ingenious. Her nature is not as clear and direct as Carmen's. Both have fine force, impulse and energy. Carmen might do grand work, Sylvia might inspire someone else to do it. Carmen is proud of a few things, constant as death and apt to think well before she speaks. She does not lightly give either affection or trust. Both are fine studies, Sylvia not being as fine as she should.

Needless Question.

Harlem Life.

Jones—So you like baseball?
 Brown—No, sir. I have twelve clerks in my office.

Hit Hard.

Detroit Free Press.

"So you met my friend Shirkey. How did he strike you?"
 "For twenty."



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, While in Lowell was Doctor Ayer;
 Both were busy for human weal
 One to govern and one to heal.
 And, as a president's power of will
 Sometimes depends on a liver-pill,
 Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow
 For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with gripping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

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 reaches out to suffering humanity in the form of a safe, sure and effective remedy for the ill to which flesh is heir. That is why restored millions pay willing homage to
WARNER'S Safe Cure
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BRIGHT'S DISEASE, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND MALARIA,
 and all diseases arising from disordered Kidneys and Liver. Easy to take, leaves no unpleasant taste, produces no ill effects.
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 for Adams' Tutti Frutti see that you get it. Some dealers to obtain a big profit try to palm off imitations.

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The Wabash Railroad.

If you are contemplating a trip to the gold mining country, please consider the merits of the Wabash railroad, the short and true route, via Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul, to all points in the Kootenay District. Passengers leaving Toronto, morning trains, reach St. Paul next day at noon, in time to make connections for all points in the gold fields. Quickest and best route to Hot Springs, Ark., Old Mexico, and all Pacific Coast points. Tickets and all information from any I. R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer. The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Those desiring full information on the subject, particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street East, Toronto.

Studio and Gallery

WHATEVER the artist may think about this being "the winter of our discontent," the buyer, the art-lover with decidedly limited means, should not find it so when he can have the pick of a number of the most delightful little sketches at this exhibition, representing our best artistic talent, for ten dollars. One might well be forgiven for feeling rich over the possession of a few, or even one, of these, provided that person could discern and pick out the wheat from the chaff, for there is considerable chaff.

Before leaving the oils, mention should be made of a very pleasing little sketch by Mr. Hadspeith, in the Bois de Clamart, a glimpse of fresh greens and sunshine; and of Mr. Catts's Off the Coast of Cuba, which has good qualities. Mr. William Smith is not well represented by his Early Morning in March, Plymouth; the composition seems forced, the sheep and figure wooden, but the picturesque pile of the old building is fine. Mr. Robins has shown sympathy and appreciation of the quieter effects of nature in A Moorland Pool and After the Rain; in the one case the pool, and in the other the little ruts and ditches on the road reflect the light of the late evening sky, and there is harmony in the browns and purples. Looser, freer handling would much improve these sketches. Mr. Gagen has good work in his landscapes, of which Red Creek is the best; a better picture would have resulted from a simpler, less crowded canvas or paper. Mr. Revell shows two charming woodland views, firmly, freely handled; Mr. Morris, a harmoniously simple Twilight; Mr. Jefferys, a crisply painted Evening, Toronto Island; Mrs. Jefferys, a spirited but unsatisfactory Nocturne, a girl playing on the piano; Miss Tully, a girl sewing at the window, her figure relieved against the white drapery, very effective; Mr. Manly, several moorland and hill-side views, in which his style is always recognizable; Miss E. May Martin, a wheat field recently reaped, two tall pines against the summer sky, a steady advance in freedom of expression over former work; Mr. Rolph, views of broad English roads barred with sunshine and shadow, sometimes glimpses of red-tiled roofs; Mr. Blatchly's Student is a young girl with palette in hand, who looks like a sketch-class subject with accessories added; in Summertime he is at his best and conveys some impression of the hot day, with leafy shade and cool, inviting water; Mr. Hahn has given a simple sketch of a portion of Niagara Falls very cleverly. Two rather large pictures start a train of thought, though they are in no way connected, even by juxtaposition. Miss Philipps shows a view of Laval Court-yard, Quebec, well painted, pure in color, broad in treatment, and yet "only that and nothing more;" there is no idea conveyed, nothing but the clever workmanship. Mr. Coleman's Ave Maria, Silesia, has the material for a good picture. It is evening; in the niche of a wall is the figure of the Virgin, before which a girl kneels; above these red-brown walls is the glow of the evening sky, and to the right and in the dusky distance are seen the glow of a camp fire and a covered wagon. In spite of very faulty technique, something has been said. In The Old Limekiln, Dundas, Mrs. Holmsted gives what looks like the two towers of a fortress—on the one side a deep valley; on the other behind the "fortress" rises a hill, the contrasting reds and hazes of autumn making a pleasing setting. It matters not that it is only a limekiln, and in Canada, when the effect is as fine as the view of a castle in Spain. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. T. Mower Martin, Mr. Henry Martin and others equally well known are well represented.

In miniatures, Miss Edith Hemming's carefully finished portraits are extremely pleasing in their treatment; that in the dress of fifty years ago displays a more artistic arrangement

about the throat than those of our own time. Among Mrs. Van der Linde's, the baby's head called Victor is the most charming, but equally good is the delicacy of color and finish in the larger portrait above. Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy exhibits his bust of the Queen, described some weeks ago, and a bust of the late Mr. Hart A. Massey.

Dr. May, superintendent of the Provincial Art School, and his staff of examiners have been at work in the old Parliament buildings, judging the year's work of the various art schools of the province. In addition to the ordinary work there are a large number of paintings in oil and water-colors, modeling in clay and china decorations.

The committee of the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto met last week for the purpose of appointing judges for the fine arts department. Space will be devoted to the large dinner service which is being prepared by the members of the Woman's Art Association, which numbers some hundreds of pieces. As this exhibition is visited by more people than any other collection of pictures in the province, it is most desirable that inferior work should be excluded, that the really good pictures may receive more attention than has been the case only too often. Far better more bare space than this overcrowding with rubbish.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris of Montreal are to spend the summer in Prince Edward Island, and Mr. Brymner expects to go to Ireland to visit Mr. MacGillivray at Killarney.

The Annual Meeting of the members of the Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design was held on Thursday evening last week and the following gentlemen were elected to act as directors for the ensuing year: Hon. G. W. Allan, president, Mr. R. T. Ellis, vice-president, Mr. George C. Downes, secretary, and Messrs. M. Matthews, S. G. Curry, B. McEvoy, F. McG. Knowles, S. M. Jones, W. A. Langton, James A. Smith, directors.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists: Honorary president, Hon. G. W. Allan; president, Mr. G. A. Reid; vice-president, Mr. C. M. Manly; secretary, Mr. Robert F. Gagen; auditor, Mr. J. A. Smith; executive committee, Messrs. F. McG. Knowles, W. D. Blatchly, M. Matthews, Wylly Grier, F. S. Challenor, A. G. Gagen, F. M. Bell-Smith; Industrial Exhibition representatives, Messrs. F. McG. Knowles and T. M. Martin.

The exquisite little casket (and the cabinet which is to enclose it) which is to contain loyal Toronto's address to Our Queen during the Jubilee celebration, has been on exhibition in the windows of Messrs. Ryrie Bros. for some days and has no doubt been viewed by thousands. The city may well feel a pardonable pride in an offering so representative in design and in the materials used, while the splendid workmanship displayed in every detail is most creditable.

Sir Edwin Landseer.
At an exhibition of the Royal Academy considerable notice was attracted by the picture of a magnificent dog, chained to its kennel and carried away by a flood. A gentleman hurried off to the painter to make an offer for it; he rang at the door of a small garden. When the wicket was opened, he saw a boy playing with a hoop with some other little fellows. He enquired of the children:

"Does Mr. Landseer live here?"
"Yes," replied one of the boys.
"When may I speak to him?"
"Now, if you like. I am Mr. Landseer."
"But," explained the visitor, "it is your father I want to see. I have called about a picture of his at the Academy."
"Well," said the child, "it is I who am exhibiting the picture." He was then a little over fourteen years old.

Though Landseer's genius was cultivated early, it was no forced plant. His technical powers were prodigious. He was once present at a party when the conversation turned upon feats of manual dexterity, and a lady exclaimed: "Well, there is one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once!" "Oh yes, I think I can do that," returned Landseer; and with a pencil in each hand, he drew rapidly and simultaneously the profile of a stag's head, with all its antlers complete, and the perfect profile of a horse's head. Both drawings were full of energy.

Landseer painted deer and dogs as no one had ever done before, and was said to have humanized their expression. He was fond of outdoor sports, but when deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands, often disgusted the gillies by leading them on a long tramp with more sketching than shooting. On one occasion the men were astonished, just as a magnificent stag came in the way, to have Sir Edwin's gun thrust into their hands, with the words, "Here, take this!" while the sketch-book was pulled hastily out. The gillies could not refrain from expressing a forcible opinion at this conduct amongst themselves. "But," one of them added, "Sir Edwin must have understood Gaelic, for he was out of temper for the rest of the day."

From the Football Game.

It was no wonder William Campbell could find no easy place in bed. When one is uneasy himself there are no easy beds or easy chairs. And William was more than uneasy—he was feverish and in pain. His mother tells how it came about. Perhaps the tale may be a lesson to other young football players and cricketers.

"In September, 1891," says Mrs. Campbell, "my son William, then 21 years old, whilst playing football, took a violent cold, which struck into his system. He felt chills all over him, and was very hoarse. I did what I could for him, but he got worse."

"In a few days he complained of an awful pain in the left breast. He said it felt as if he was being cut with a knife. His breathing was so short that he seemed as if he would suffocate; he couldn't draw a deep breath at all. I sent for a doctor, who put on mustard plasters and gave him medicine. The doctor said William was suffering from inflammation of the lungs."

"For weeks he was in the greatest agony; he got very little sleep, and could find no easy place in bed. His breathing all the time got worse and worse. He was so bad that people passing the house door could hear his heavy, labored breathing."

"After a time a bad cough set in, and he spat up quantities of thick phlegm like one in a consumption. In the morning he would have severe attacks of vomiting to bring away the thick matter that had gathered in his throat."

"As my boy got worse and worse I called in a second doctor, who said what the first one had said—that the disease was inflammation of the lungs; and he said further that his case was chronic now, and that he was afraid not much could be done for me; he was too far gone."

"He lingered along in this way month after month, and from a strong, healthy, powerful young fellow he became weak as a child, and I had to raise him in bed. His cheek-bones stood out; he was thin as a lath, and looked as if he could not last much longer."

"We gave him cod liver oil and all kinds of nourishment, but it didn't seem to stay by him, or do him any good. He used to get up for a few hours and sit in the armchair by the fire, but was quite helpless. The neighbors would look at him and say to me, 'Your Will's gone the bore.' They thought he was dying."

"After the poor boy had suffered fourteen months a wee book was left at the house, telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after he had taken it a few days he felt better, and began to eat."

"From this time he got up the hill every day. He was soon back at his work as strong as ever. It is my firm belief that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my son's life. (Signed) Elizabeth Campbell, Kirk Green, Muirkirk, Scotland, August 29th, 1893."

Mrs. Campbell is a respectable lady, and is known to Mr. Blackwood, the postmaster, who vouches for the accuracy of her statement. Her case is well known in the neighborhood where she resides.

THE VALLEY OF PAIN.
HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE.
A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signally fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief. Unbounded joy should fill the hearts of neuralgic sufferers at the announcement that in Kootenay the "new ingredient" is effecting miracles in the way of banishing the excruciating agony which has rendered their lives a curse, perhaps for years.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration (so firmly did she believe in Kootenay) to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kenny, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify under oath how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

BEAUTY
Ladies all over the world express daily their gratification at the grand results obtained by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS & FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP, the only real true beautifiers in the world. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. They remove permanently all facial disfigurements, such as Pimples, Freckles, Moths, Blackheads, Redness, Oils, Sunburn, Tan, and Eczema. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box, 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. per cake. Address all orders to H. B. FOUL, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

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They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.



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It saves worry, too. Everything goes wrong with wrong Baking Powder. Make things go easy and right by using OF GROCERS EVERYWHERE

IN PURITY THERE'S HEALTH strength—life. Some Baking Powders are bad health producers because of impurities in them. "Pure Gold" is absolutely pure—nothing harmful in it. And this is proved by the highest test known to science—chemical analysis.

Pure Gold Baking Powder



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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

RAISE YOUR HOT BISCUITS, CAKES, ETC., WITH

Dunn's Malted Leaven

IT IMPARTS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR
EVERYONE CAN DIGEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

The Warm Weather
TO OVERCOME THIS YOU REQUIRE AN

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and thus obviating the overheating of the house during the summer months.

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Enamel

Music.

On the occasion of Madame Albani's appearance in Toronto in the Messiah, the audience was made up largely of vocal students and musicians generally, many of whom, for the purpose of taking notes, were equipped with the vocal score of the work, and all of whom appeared anxious to profit by the great singer's rendering of standard numbers for soprano contained in the popular oratorio. It was believed that Madame Albani, if anyone, would certainly give traditional and model interpretations of the soprano recitatives and arias of Handel's best known work, and pencils were in great requisition, particularly in I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, the great singer's conception of the phrasing, tempo, and general marks of expression being carefully noted. It was felt, however, by the more experienced musicians present that her treatment of the great aria was painfully labored, ridiculously long drawn out, and generally of such a character that had any ordinary singer tortured the phrases as she then did, the public would hardly have deigned to respectfully listen to the singing of the aria. Those who were then present and who remember the effect produced by her rendering of the number mentioned, will appreciate the following extract from a notice of a recent concert in London, taken from the London Musical News, in which Madame Albani's peculiarities are dealt with as they deserve. The writer says: "It is regrettable, however, that Madame Albani persists in, and, indeed develops, her habit of dragging the music and breaking phrases for the sake of dwelling upon certain favorite notes. It would not be worth while mentioning this matter for Madame Albani's own sake, because the habit has been too long formed to make alteration probable; but it is to be sincerely hoped that younger singers hearing her will not be tempted to go and do likewise. The rhythm of the beautiful solo music in The Flag of England was in many cases entirely destroyed, and the tempi in the Hymn of Praise were most questionable, the worst example being 'Praise thou the Lord,' which is marked (following a movement *allegro di molto*, ♩ = 132). *Molto più moderato ma con fuoco*, ♩ = 104. This was sung at the funeral pace of 66 crotchets to the minute! The enunciation of the soprano vocalist also left very much to be desired, and formed a strong contrast with that of Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose words were perfect. As already remarked, we would not say a word on these points, except for the sake of warning younger singers not to imitate the licenses which others of long-established reputation seem to be able to afford to arrogate to themselves."

In an admirably written article on Services of Praise, contributed by Mr. H. M. Blight to the May number of the Westminster magazine, the writer makes the following sensible remarks concerning these special week-night musical services: "The benefits which accompany or flow from such services are many and valuable. Not the least are those which come to the choir. Choir work, especially voluntary choir work, is different in different churches, but there are some things common to almost all. The problems of regular attendance, genuine interest, and increased efficiency in service are difficult of solution. The preparation for a special service such as I refer to will be found, if properly managed, to be helpful. In churches where anthems are not sung the choir practices are often but poorly attended and the organization is almost sure to be broken up. The range of hymns used is so narrow that the choir-master finds little to stimulate his singers to greater effort. In such churches an occasional week-evening service, in which a number of appropriate anthems and other selections would be sung, would be a powerful incentive to the choir to attend rehearsals, and the training given in the careful study of these special selections would greatly increase the musical efficiency of the singers and enable them to lead in the praises of the sanctuary more effectively. But the advantages to choirs in churches where anthems form a part of the regular service are very great. The choir-master introduces a higher order of music than is ordinarily used, and weeks of constant and careful study are given to the interpretation of these choice compositions. The singers appreciate the importance of the task, and with enthusiasm and earnestness they respond to the extra demands made upon their time. Strictest attention is paid to all details in order to the rendering of the hymns and anthems in the most musicianly manner. These selections, after having been given at the service of praise, are added to the choir's repertoire, and the results of the special care bestowed on their preparation will be manifest when they are used in the regular church services."

The vocal recital given by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley at the Normal School on Thursday evening of last week attracted a large and critical audience. Mrs. Bradley was assisted in a very attractive programme by Miss Berryman of the Conservatory School of Elocution; Miss Lena Hayes, A.T.C.M., violinist; Miss Florence Brown, A.T.C.M., pianist, and Mr. S. S. Martin, choir-master of McCaul street Methodist church, basso. The following well known pupils of Mrs. Bradley took part in the programme: Miss Kennedy, Mrs. McGolpin, Miss Lizzie Brown, Mrs. Wm. Stone, Miss Etta James, Miss Edythe Hill, and Mr. Bruce Bradley. Without specializing as to the individual work of this group of clever pupils, it might be said that throughout the recital there were marked evidences of natural talent on the part of the vocalists, and of that careful instruction which has so frequently been noted of Mrs. Bradley in her capacity as a teacher of voice culture. Miss Hayes' brilliant playing of Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Caprice was one of the artistic gems of the evening's programme. Mr. Martin sang with good effect, displaying a voice of fine quality and expressiveness. As an accompanist and soloist Miss Brown contributed materially to the success of a very enjoyable event, as also did Miss Berryman in several recitations. A collection was taken at the door in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

The Banks' Glee Club of New York is a new aspirant for fame among the many musical societies of the metropolis. It is evident, how-

ever, from the tenor of a recent criticism of the Club's work that the organization is likely to be short-lived if it does not materially improve the quality of its work. As an example of musical criticism as it exists in New York, the following unmistakably frank yet withal amusing extract from a leading musical journal is reproduced: "Several choruses of light value were furnished by the Club, which sang sadly out of tune. We must not blame the gentlemen overmuch, since their inflated director, who unhappily believes himself a solo singer, also sings out of tune. Up to this season Mr. Humphries has been wont to give the public a taste of his vocal solo work. This season he has refrained, not before having managed to impress his discordant views on the society which he is said to conduct. The tunelessness of the Club was pitiful, and each time the gentlemen ranged to the front the musical people present drew themselves together with a shudder. So much for the Banks' Glee Club." We shudder to contemplate the fate of any Toronto critic who would dare write in a similar vein concerning local musical happenings.

The following letter explains itself:
TORONTO, May 22, 1897.

To the Editor:

Sir,—I read with some amusement the clipping from the London Musical Opinion, ancient the question of concerts at which "silver collections" are substituted for fixed charges for admission.

We have many cases in Toronto which outdo the large-hearted Briton mentioned, who sings with gusto in the incidental hymn of the entertainment.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
But who anxiously feels for the nimble three-penny piece, fearful lest by any chance he should give sixpence.

Whisper it not in Gath—but at a praise service given a short time ago in this city of Toronto the Good, and at which a "silver collection" was advertised, the treasurer of the funds found, among the numerous five-cent pieces contributed, an American three-cent piece, two monograms and a tin tobacco tab. All except the generous donor of the last-mentioned gift must at least be given credit for having carried out the letter of the law re the quality of the metal asked for. It may be that the givers of the monograms have made a mistake and that they have been acting upon the biblical injunction of "not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth." If, in their blind devotion, they seized hold of monograms instead of legitimate currency, they might rectify the error by having the same exchanged, even at this late day. Yours truly, CHORISTER.

I am in receipt, from England, of a capital patriotic chorus entitled Victoria, We Sing to Thee, music by W. G. W. Goodworth, words by Mr. Albyn Mulloy. The writer of the words, to whom I am indebted for the copy received, informs me by letter that the work is to be sung on July 13 next at Crystal Palace by a chorus of five thousand voices. Both music and text are stirring and appropriate. The chorus will doubtless be in great demand during the Jubilee festivities, and can be heartily recommended to all societies or choirs contemplating the preparation of Jubilee music. The work is published by Kohler, 14 North Bridge, Edinburgh. Mr. Mulloy in his letter makes a graceful reference to Canada and the loyalty of Canadians, which is, I believe, but a reflection of the warm and growing appreciation of Canada's loyal devotion, which is generally manifesting itself in Great Britain at the present time. He says: "You will observe that I have assigned to the Canadians the post of honor (outside the United Kingdom) in the refrain—a trifling compliment, which is but justly due to their staunch and unflinching loyalty."

Mr. Field's piano recital, given last week in Convocation Hall, Normal School, Ottawa, resulted in a triumph for this talented soloist. The Citizen, in a comprehensive criticism of the recital, says of his playing: "Mr. Field is a pianist in the front rank of the pianists of today. . . . His success has been well deserved, as evinced last night in his herculean programme. Mr. Field, in Liszt's Tarantelle, touched a spring which resulted in more enthusiastic applause than any other number. It was a brilliant performance. Mr. Field was equally successful in the 'tender' school. . . . At the conclusion of a fine programme, embracing Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann, Sapellnikoff and Weber, a splendid climax was reached in Liszt's Rhapsody, No. 12, to which, with the Tarantelle, was demanded an enthusiastic encore." The Free Press says: "What was most striking in Mr. Field's playing was its admirable musicianly spirit and brilliant finger work, his scale runs being exceedingly fine. . . . It is not often a long programme is played through in as perfect a manner as was his and kept so uninterruptedly interesting."

An enjoyable piano recital was given at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Jennie Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally, assisted by Miss McPherson, Miss Woodworth and Mr. W. J. Lawrence, vocalists. The programme embraced solo compositions from the works of Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Paganini, Schumann, Moszkowski and Chopin. Haydn's Concerto in D major, op. 81, was also given, the orchestral accompaniment being played on a second piano by Mr. McNally. The playing of Miss Williams in an unusually well arranged programme was marked by a well developed technique and a regard for musical expression which reflected highly upon Mr. McNally's ability as an instructor, as well as upon Miss Williams' natural gifts as a student. The vocalists acquitted themselves very creditably throughout, singing with good taste and expression in their respective selections. Miss McKay proved an efficient accompanist.

Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, took part in a concert given by pupils of Miss Annie R. Bean in Waterloo on Thursday evening of last week. He was cordially received by the audience present, and added much to the enjoyment of a very successful concert. Miss Bean, who studied several years ago at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has made marked progress as a teacher since taking up music professionally. A large class of pupils enjoy the privilege of study under her, and the influence of her work in Waterloo and the adjoining villages is being felt in no slight degree. A number of her pupils have been awarded certificates by the Toronto Conservatory of Music for successful work at the annual examinations held by

that thriving institution. Miss Bean is to be congratulated upon the success of her recent concert, the artistic character of which serves as an indication of the progress which is being made in music throughout the province.

The Conservatory of Music was, on Tuesday evening of last week, the scene of a very successful piano recital by pupils of Miss Sara E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., assisted by several vocal pupils of the institution. Miss Dallas is to be congratulated upon the artistic manner in which a fine programme was carried out, her pupils, who played entirely from memory, performing with a degree of technical ease and musical feeling which reflected most creditably upon all concerned. Of special interest was Miss Mabel O'Brien's excellent performance of Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, the orchestral accompaniment of which was played on a second piano by Miss Dallas. The other pupils were: Misses Maude Bryce, Lena Vrooman, Ida E. Walker, Alice Sampson, Beatrice Smith, Hattie M. Mace, Annie Jeffrey, Rena McCullough, Ruby L. Hunter, Edith Mitchell and Mr. Percy E. Pascal.

Mr. Walter H. Coles, one of Mr. W. O. Forsyth's most promising piano pupils, gave a very enjoyable piano recital on Thursday afternoon of last week, assisted by Mrs. Adamson, violinist, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor. Mr. Coles, who is well known as the efficient organist of the Church of the Redeemer, played a well chosen programme in a manner which proved his ability as a pianist and reflected much credit upon his able instructor. The assisting artists, it is needless to say, were very successful in their respective numbers and added much to the attractiveness of the recital.

Miss Anna Butland gave a piano recital at Whitby Ladies' College on Wednesday afternoon of last week. She was assisted by Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor. The Whitby Chronicle speaks in very high terms of praise of the artistic work of both performers, and congratulates the students of the college and the residents of Whitby on their good fortune in having been provided with "the opportunity of hearing a high-class recital, one which was both enjoyable and educational." The reception accorded the performers was most enthusiastic, encores being in frequent demand.

A correspondent enquires about the status of the Guild of Church Musicians, London, Eng., an institution which has disposed of some of its "degrees" to musicians resident in this country. Lack of space prevents me going into details concerning the operations and standing of the concern mentioned. It may briefly be said, however, that the recent exposition of the "fake" methods employed by the aforesaid "Guild" has caused it to be condemned in strongest terms by newspapers of the Old Land.

The concert given in Massey Music Hall by Sousa's splendid band on Tuesday evening last was largely attended. The band played with their usual brilliancy a fine programme and thoroughly aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. The demand for encores was as numerous as usual, and these were as good-naturedly complied with as Bandmaster Sousa has taught his audiences to expect. The assisting soprano and violinist were also warmly received.

The Orillia Times makes the following complimentary references to Signor Dinelli's recent appearance at the "Britannica" concert given in that town: "Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, the 'cello soloist, delighted the audience with his selections. Artists of this high order are seldom brought to Orillia, and it was indeed a treat to listen to a master of this instrument. After his third selection he responded to an encore."

Miss Maude Fairbairn's clever lullaby, While Baby is Asleep, which was sung from manuscript with excellent effect by Miss Edith Miller at one of Mr. H. M. Field's piano recitals, has been published by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer and is now on sale at all music stores. There are two settings of the song, one for alto, in F, the other for soprano, in G.

The Jubilee Chorus, Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor, are busily preparing a programme of appropriate music for a service to be given in June. A number of compositions specially composed for the Jubilee festivities are in hand. Among other numbers, a patriotic song and chorus by Mr. Torrington will be rendered.

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Four Morning Readings WEDNESDAYS

Toronto College of Music Hall 3.30 P.M.

Wednesday, June 21st—Bulwer's Royal Love Poem, The Lady of Lyons.
Wednesday, June 22nd—Browning's Great Tragedy, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon; and Howell's Dainty Conceit, The Garrotter.
Wednesday, June 23rd—Knowles' Brilliant Comedy, The Love Chase.
Wednesday, June 24th—Shakespeare's Heart Tragedy, Romeo and Juliet.
Cards for the course, \$1; any single recital, 50c. May be obtained at Nordheimer's, Tyrrell's, Mason & Risch's and Bain's.

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Social and Personal.

This afternoon Mrs. Henry O'Brien gives a P. P. C. tea for the bride-elect, Miss M. C. O'Brien, when every good wish for the happiness of that much-loved maiden will be leavened by the regret that her wedded life is to be spent far from the home where she is so much beloved.

Captain Andrew Thompson of the Haldimand Rifles is one of the honored few from Canada who have been invited by Hon. Wilfrid Laurier to accompany him to London, be presented to the Queen and participate in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. It will be remembered by his many friends that a few years ago he married Miss Violet Burns, only daughter of Dr. J. Hepburn Burns, and deprived Toronto of one of its fairest favorites. Captain Thompson is a typical Canadian militia officer, and as well versed in law as military tactics—in fact, with him "the pen is mightier than the sword." The university, law courts and drill halls know him well and pronounce him a soldier, a gentleman and a scholar. His numerous friends warmly congratulate him on his good fortune and wish him *bon voyage* when he sails on June 5.

Without a doubt the hats and gowns of Jubilee year are the prettiest we have seen in ages, and people seem to have forgotten hard times and are ordering liberally most lovely things. Every dressmaker is run off her feet with orders for the Races, and, given fine weather, we shall see a brilliant paddock and grand stand this May Meeting.

Miss Charlotte Marie Jordan of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose glorious soprano voice made her the musical star while a pupil at Loretto Abbey, is now studying under Madame Ashforth, the Marchesi of New York, and under such careful training we may look for another Canadian prima donna in the near future.

The running of the Sunday cars will be a great boon to those who, unable to keep a carriage, have worn out good shoe-leather and strength in long walks to dinner and supper with hospitable friends. Everyone is anxious that the service may be quickly established and the comfort and convenience of people who have heretofore lacked means of quick and easy transit, enhanced.

That fine young fellow, Charlie Darling of Rosemount, for whom I prophesied great things in athletics some time ago, has justified the hopes of his admirers by gaining the championship of Upper Canada College. Papa and Mama Darling and shoals of girl and boy friends of the champion are naturally very proud of him, and his lack of self-consciousness and modesty of bearing are only what one might expect from such a sensible youth.

Signor Tesseman's benefit concert on next Thursday evening in the Pavilion is an event which should secure a large audience. Signor Tesseman's friends are many, and Miss Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Youngheart, Miss Irene Gurney, Mr. Dinelli, Mons. Walther, Miss Fanny Sullivan and others have promised their services on Thursday.

Miss Dallas and Miss Amy Riordan sail for England by the Parisian on June 19.

Sir George and Lady Larpernt have sailed for Canada, and will shortly be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Arkle at their island summer residence.

Mrs. Eber Ward and Miss Helen Hugel arrived in Toronto on Monday. Mrs. Morrow has, as formerly, given her house in Carlton street to her daughter-in-law for occupancy during her stay in town.

Miss Dobson of Collier street sailed from Montreal on May 22 per steamer Labrador for Dublin, Ireland, where she will spend the summer months, the guest of Rev. J. D. Osborne.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Cawthra returned from Atlantic City on Saturday.

Captain Pearse and Captain Thacker came down from London for a few days at the Woodbine.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt have gone to their lovely summer home in Orillia.

Miss Boulthée of Iver House is visiting Miss Mills of Guelph.

Mr. Frank O'Hara, Sir Richard Cartwright's private secretary, was at the Races on Monday. Mrs. O'Hara of Chatham spent a week in Toronto, with her sister-in-law, Miss Gertrude O'Hara.

Miss Kathleen Cassells and Miss Muriel Whitney, two sufferers from the scarlet fever scourge, are reported convalescent, to the great relief of their many friends.

Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Clarke have returned from their southern trip.

Mrs. and Miss Dobell are guests at Government House. Miss Dobell is much admired at the Races this week.

I missed the buttons off Captain Hendrie's coat—those guinea buttons that broke the hearts of all the dudes in town last year. The *habitués* of the Woodbine resent this shearing of its glories, and adjure Captain Hendrie to get those buttons on again, no matter if he sews them around his hat.

Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick leaves immediately for Rossland.

Mrs. Colt is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald of 46 Bloor street west, and was yesterday the guest of honor at the tea given by her hostess. The elegant hospitalities of the Fitzgerald home are well known, and a very pleasant and informal reunion of ladies was yesterday enjoyed therein. Mrs. Colt (a relative of Colonel Colt of revolver fame) is a very charming woman, and an acquisition, even if only very temporarily, to Toronto circles.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn is still *en garcon* in the big house in Sherbourne street, as Mrs.



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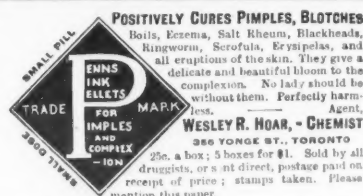
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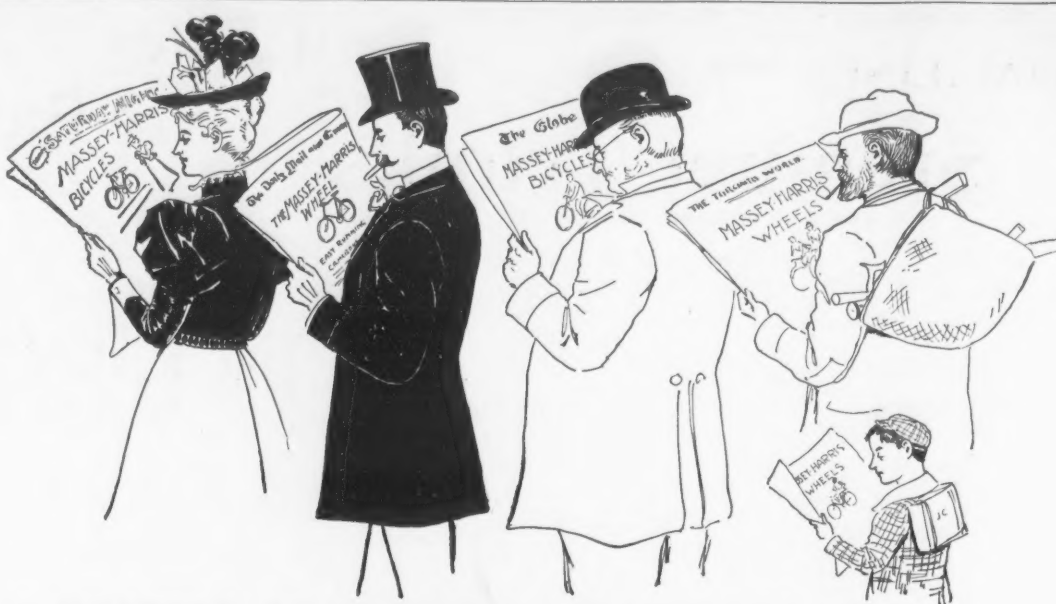
Cockburn remains in Montreal with Mrs. Tait, who is still an invalid and whose absence from the gay doings here is much regretted.

"Three nights in a bar-room," said the incorrigible boy on the paddock, glancing at the retreating forms of Sir Smith, Sir Bowell and Sir Caron as they disappeared beyond the portals of the refreshment-room on Queen's Birthday.

Luncheons, short and hurried, and dinners long and lingering, have been the popular society reunions this week. Parties have been filling to overflowing the cosy Country and Hunt Club House, and the city club houses have also been the rendezvous of many a gay coterie. A very jolly dinner was given on Queen's Plate day at the Toronto Club by Dr. Yates, and I am told Mr. Charles Riordan also entertained at the same time and place.

Summer Dress.

For business, the sack suit keeps well in front and in favor. It suits old men and young men, and is always presentable. Of course, there is much in the designing and finishing, and one always finds from season to season, variation enough in cut to make one feel there is change of style. Some drapers have the happy knack of introducing their own individuality in the designing. This you will find in garments made by Henry A. Taylor, Rossin House block, and this week he is showing some specially designed business sack suits. One coat notably has strapped seams, with corresponding strap set down front, on which are set the buttons. The coat is of double-breasted style. His stock of summer-weight woollens is very superior.



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A SPECIAL REDUCTION on all our MILLINERY The Latest New York and Parisian Styles Our Millinery and Costumes worn by leading ladies at the races were greatly admired. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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By CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.

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TURKISH and PERSIAN

Rugs, Carpets, Portieres

Curios

Palace Embroideries, &c.

ON

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

1st, 2nd, 3rd June

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Will be sold without reserve under instructions from
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This is the largest and most valuable collection of Genuine Turkish Art yet brought to Canada, including some rare and finest specimens, such as Silk Rugs, and many Silk, Mohair and Camel's Hair Palace Carpets and Strips. No lover of Oriental Art can afford to lose this lifetime opportunity.

Exhibition on Monday.
Sale precisely at 11 o'clock.
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For Spring Weddings

We supply the most desirable stationery for wedding purposes.

PAPER—Latest Shapes, Finest Qualities.

ENGRAVING—As good as in London and New York.

PRINTING—Carefully and Perfectly Executed.

PRICES—Lower than imported work and as low as any local production.

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We will be delighted to show you our complete and well assorted stock. The latest and leading styles and newest designs, artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

Miss Jennie Hovenden

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Parisian Novelties in

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Smart Tailor-Made
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New Ivoryware in

Centerpieces

Busts

Large and Small

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Wedding Presents a Specialty

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SURE CURE FOR Indigestion or Dyspepsia

Price 50c.
J. E. LEE - Chemist and Druggist
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SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Hanlan Will Open 15th June

TORONTO'S FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT
Illustrated booklet on application to
MANAGER, Hotel Hanlan.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

Niagara Falls Line

Steamer EMPRESS and G. T. R.

Daily, commencing Thursday, May 29, from Yonge Street Wharf (west side), at 3:30 p.m., for St. Catharines, all points on Welland Canal, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all principal agents, all G. T. R. offices and head office on wharf. Family book tickets at low rates.

Niagara River Line

Niagara Navigation Co.

DOUBLE TRIPS

On and After Saturday, May 22

STR. CHICORA

will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. Daily (Sunday excepted) for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River Railway, Michigan Central Railway, Niagara Falls and River Railway and Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railway.

JOHN FOX, Manager.

Spring... Weddings

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Write for prices and samples.

DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers

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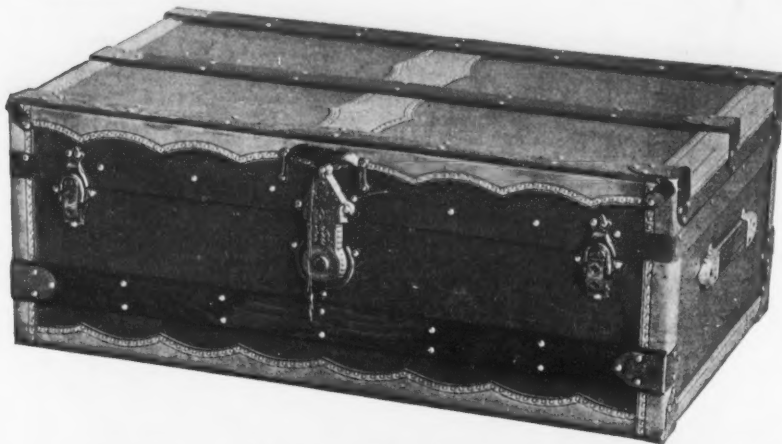
IF YOU WISH TO RENT

A nice office, try the SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Apply to Cashier.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF
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IN...
Steamer Trunks
...FOR THE JUBILEE TRIP...

Economical in space and carriage. Made in Solid Leather, Plain Canvas, Enameled Duck. Steel or Leather Binding, with Solid Brass Corners.



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MANUFACTURERS OF...

FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

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Radiators

are guaranteed to be the best in the world for

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The only Radiator in Canada made without Bolts, Rods or Packing, and cannot leak.

Made only by...

The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'F'G CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



Social and Personal.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore competed in the bicycle races on May 24 at Oshawa, winning a first and two second prizes in fine style. Mr. Beardmore collided with another rider and wrecked his fine Cleveland wheel, but fortunately was comparatively unhurt himself, and turned up at the Tuesday races enthusiastic as usual.

Mrs. George T. Denison of Hayden Villa leaves this week for a three months' visit to England.

The ceremony of presentation, reception, and trooping of the new colors on Queen's Birthday attracted a swell *coterie* to University lawn. The Royal Grenadiers were the home guard on the twenty-fourth, while the Queen's Own, Major Delamere in command, went to Windsor, and the 48th Highlanders to Brantford, but the Grenadiers had sufficient inducement to remain in the Queen City, in receiving the tribute from the ladies of Toronto, which had been prepared and was to mark the seventy-eighth anniversary of Victoria's birth. An enclosure, to which the elect were admitted by invitation, was erected for those immediately concerned in the presentation, which was made by Mrs. Grasett and accepted by Colonel Mason for the Regiment. The ceremony was lengthened beyond all bounds by the arrangements with a photographer for the photographing of the scene, but so much interest was taken in the affair that little grumbling was the result. Fortunately, in spite of threatening clouds, a fine day made the *al fresco* function possible, and gave the Grenadiers a chance to show in what fine feather they were. Many compliments were passed upon their appearance.

A trio of giants on the lawn during the Races were: Mr. Emil Baldwin, in a fawn tweed suit, looking the picture of a gentleman athlete; Mr. Clive Pringle, and Mr. Colin Campbell of Montreal. Three fine big fellows.

Mrs. and the Misses Rowand have taken No. 30 St. Patrick street, and are setting their Lanes and Penates in order. This amiable family have made many friends, all of whom will be glad they have decided to remain in Toronto.

Dr. Eugene G. Quesnel has gone to Rockland for the summer.

DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Twenty-Sixth Annual
General Meeting of the Stockholders,
Held at the Banking House of the
Institution, in Toronto, Wednesday, May 26th, 1897.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, May 26th, 1897.

Among those present were noticed: Sir Frank Smith, Col. Mason, Messrs. S. Alcorn, William Ince, John Scott, William Ramsay, J. Lorne Campbell, W. R. Brock, S. Nordheimer, James Robertson, E. Leadley, M. Boulton, E. B. Osler, William Hendrie, Dr. Smith, John Stewart, Walter S. Lee, W. D. Matthews, Charles Cockshutt, H. M. Pellatt, William Ross, A. W. Austin, George W. Lewis, W. G. Cassels, Thomas Walmsley, J. K. Niven, J. D. Montgomery, E. B. Freeland, George Robinson, R. D. Gamble and others.

It was moved by Mr. E. B. Osler, seconded by Mr. E. Leadley, that Sir Frank Smith do take the chair.

Mr. W. D. Matthews moved, seconded by Mr. W. R. Brock, and resolved: That Mr. R. D. Gamble do act as Secretary.

Messrs. W. G. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending April 30, 1897.

Balance of profit and loss account, April 30, 1896... \$ 25,792.43

Profit for the year ending April 30, 1897, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts... 184,173.32

Dividend 3 per cent., paid Aug. 1, 1896... \$45,000.00

Dividend 3 per cent., paid Nov. 1, 1896... 45,000.00

Dividend 3 per cent., paid Feb. 1, 1897... 45,000.00

Dividend 4 per cent., payable May 1, 1897... 45,000.00

Balance of profit and loss carried forward \$ 29,925.75

It has been decided to extend the operations of the Bank to the Province of Manitoba, and your directors have made arrangements to open a branch in

Ladies
are Safer

ON...

The Cleveland

being closer to the ground by reason of the low crank-hanger, and more comfortable because the Cleveland conforms closer to physiological requirements and hygienic principles than any other bicycle.

PRICES \$75.00 and \$100.00

Salesroom:
169 Yonge Street

H. A. LOZIER & CO.

Cleveland Cycling Academy:
Granite Rink



the City of Winnipeg at an early date. It is with deep regret that your directors have to record the death, which occurred in February last, of Mr. James Austin, who had so honorably and ably filled the position of President of the bank since its organization in 1871. The Hon. Sir Frank Smith was appointed President, and Mr. E. B. Osler, Vice-President. Mr. A. W. Austin was appointed a director to fill the vacancy on the board.

FRANK SMITH, President.

Sir Frank Smith moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, and resolved: That the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. S. Alcorn, seconded by Mr. John Stewart, and resolved: That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. George Robinson, and resolved: That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers and agents, inspectors and other officers of the bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. George W. Lewis, seconded by Mr. A. W. Austin, and resolved: That the poll be now opened for the election of seven directors, and that the same be closed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the Chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. John Scott moved, seconded by Mr. William Ross, and resolved: That the thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Frank Smith for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, William Ince, E. Leadley, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler and Sir Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Sir Frank Smith was elected President, and Mr. E. B. Osler Vice-President for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up.....	\$1,500,000.00
Reserve.....	\$1,500,000.00
Balance of profits carried forward.....	29,925.75
Dividend No. 38, payable May 1.....	45,000.00
Former dividends unclaimed.....	431.00
Reserved for interest and exchange.....	105,006.99
Rebate on bills discounted.....	26,638.45
	1,707,002.19
Notes in circulation.....	\$ 955,595.00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$1,577,236.27
Deposits bearing interest.....	9,141,681.79
Balance due to London agents.....	129,583.27
	11,804,016.33
	\$15,011,018.52

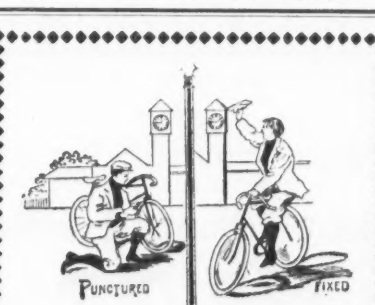
ASSETS.

Specific.....	\$ 466,277.97
Dominion Government demand notes.....	817,636.00
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation.....	75,000.00
Notes and cheques of other banks.....	212,270.34
Balances due from other banks in Canada.....	230,685.59
Balances due from other banks in United States.....	385,842.92
Provincial Government securities.....	222,378.63
Municipal and other debentures.....	2,418,031.87
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call).....	\$9,781,679.70
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for).....	58,062.41
Real estate.....	32,212.50
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank.....	10,000.00
Bank premises.....	293,293.64
Other assets not included under foregoing heads.....	7,706.95
	10,152,895.20
	\$15,011,018.52

R. D. GAMBLE,

General Manager.

Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 1897.



Just Think!

No Matter What Happens to Dunlop Tires
You can always remove, mend and replace them—without trouble—without wasting time and without any tools but your hands!
Besides—barring accidents—they rarely need repairs. Fully guaranteed by

American Dunlop Tire Co., Toronto

Jeffrey's
Liquid Rennet

Made from the fresh rennet of the calf. Yields with milk a delicious dessert. The lightest and most grateful diet for invalids and children. This preparation produces a firmer and smoother junket and less whey than any wine of rennet, essence of rennet or similar preparation on the market. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY
Cor. Yonge and Carlton Streets

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

DURAND—May 18, Mrs. J. E. Durand—a daughter.
BARRETT—May 17, Mrs. Fred Barrett—a daughter.
LOGAN—May 17, Mrs. W. M. Logan—a son.
PARRY—May 17, Mrs. W. T. Parry—a son.
WILSON—May 14, Mrs. John A. Wilson—a son.
BLAIN—May 15, Mrs. A. Y. Blain—a son.
CLARKE—May 25, Mrs. Lionel H. Clarke—a daughter.
LANGMUIR—May 24, Mrs. A. D. Langmuir—a daughter.
MARSTON—May 23, Mrs. W. C. Marston—a daughter.
STEWART—May 22, Mrs. Walter Stewart—a son.

Marriages.

BROLEY—POTTER—In Elora, on Tuesday, May 18, by Rev. John McInnis, Warner E. Broley, son of the late Rev. James Broley, to Henrietta Buchanan, daughter of Mr. D. M. Potter, all of Elora.
EARLY—GIBSON—May 26, Dr. W. J. Early to Jean Gibson.
MILLER—WALKER—May 22, H. Miller to Ettie Walker.
LEE—FARRALL—May 25, Dr. John Lee to Bessie Farrall.
BARR—ROPER—Chicago, April 21, Charles J. Barr to Ethel Roper.
CLARK—NANTON—May 20, J. Davidson Clark to Lilian C. Nanton.

Deaths.

MORGAN—May 19, Elizabeth Morgan, aged 81.
GUNN—May 14, Marion McKay Gunn, aged 80.
BENDELARI—May 24, Mary Olive Bendelari.
AIKINS—May 24, Dr. W. T. Aikins, aged 70.
GREGOR—May 23, John Gregor, aged 87.
BURROWS—May 21, Decimus R. Burrows.
LAYTON—May 21, John W. Layton, aged 71.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

W. H. STONE

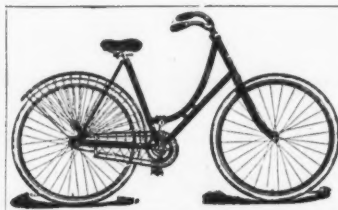
YONGE 343 STREET

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St.

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our Toronto Store
to 147 & 149 Yonge
Street.

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Garden City
Dominion



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...MAN'F'G CO.
LIMITED

FACTORY:
ST. CATHARINES, Ont.



Baby's Own Tablets

A Mild and Effective Purgative—Regulates the Stomach and Bowels—Reduce Fever—Break Colds—Expel Worms—Check Diarrhoea—Good While Teething—Cure Colic—Produce Sleep—As Pleasant as Candy and as Easy to Take—Harmless as Sugar—Absolutely Pure—Mother's Help and Baby's Friend—Sample... and Paper Doll if you send us Baby's Name. USE BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery. THE DR. HOWARD MEDICINE COMPANY, BROCKVILLE, ONT.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Asphalt Footpaths, &c., Public Buildings, Ottawa," will be received until Monday, 31st instant, for the construction of Asphalt Footpaths, &c., required at the Public Buildings, Ottawa. Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department, on and after Saturday, 22nd instant. Persons are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, May 7th, 1897. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.

COMMENCING MAY 30TH

INAUGURATION OF
FAST TRAIN SERVICE

TO
HAMILTON, BRANTFORD
NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO

6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS A DAY
TORONTO TO HAMILTON 6
4 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS
TORONTO TO BUFFALO 4
SUNDAY SERVICE.

3 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS
TORONTO TO HAMILTON
2 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS
TORONTO TO BUFFALO

Through Day Coaches, Parlor and Sleeping Cars. Connections for Rochester, Syracuse, Saratoga, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Albany, New York and the East. To reserve berths, get time tables and all information, apply at Union Station, or at City Ticket Office, 1 King Street East.